9 July 1976 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

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Whose Share of the Action?

Nothing in the Lonrho revelations is more revealing than Mr Tiny Rowland's attempted rebuttal of them. Seeking to avoid the undesirable position of scapegoat for his company, the chief executive has taken the sneak's way out and announced that a large number of other firms have done more or less the same thing. He is, of course, perfectly correct. There is nothing particularly special about Lonrho, and nothing at all surprising in the discovery that Lord Duncan-Sandys and his friends have been throwing a line to Ian Smith. So, indeed, have a lot of other City and company gentlemen, whose insistence on law and order for lesser men is at all times absolute and unflinching. Let Lonrho not be singled out in this. Far from lending the Government's authority to the announcement that nothing new has been revealed, the Foreign Office should begin at once to follow up Mr Rowland's leads. We should all be grateful for the force of example; and it would be incongruous if this Government's response to the report was any less forthright than the one issued by Mr Heath three years ago. Capitalism's image can hardly be said to have matured or improved since then.

As for Mr Angus Ogilvy, it is reassuring to know that he considered resignation on ten occasions. It is also encouraging to read that Lords Trend and Greenhill urged this course of action upon him. The reason for their concern – the insulation of the royal family from any criticism, however servile – is less easy to understand. Princess Alexandra, after all, receives no annuity from the Civil List. She is compelled to share £120,000 expenses money with the Gloucesters, the Kents and Princess Alice, the Countess of Athlone. It would not be fair for a symbol of class society to be short of money, and the fact that her husband must needs go out to work is no wretched thing in itself. If he seems to have fallen into bad company, that is again a fault of the system rather than of the individual. It is rather mealy-mouthed of the Midland Bank, the Rank Organisation, the MEPC property group, Samuel Montagu and Guardian Royal Exchange Assurance not to have rejected his resignation out of hand. They were prepared to have a royal connection on the letterhead when the going was good, and prepared to carry on having one when the last crop of revelations was harvested. Is there no compassion in the City? Apparently not, judging by the fact that Lonrho shares put on 7p in value after the publication of the report. City punters can still recognise a good thing.

It is this complete division of opinion about what constitutes decent behaviour that makes capitalism so vulnerable. Even middle-class morality is supposed to baulk at slush funds, law-breaking and company secrecy. Even conventional capitalist management might be expected to demand more of the City than its own 'self-regulating' system of invigilation. But what seems to emerge from a great number of the reactions is a half-ashamed belief that the Lonrho way is 'the way to get results'.

For the Conservative Party, the report could hardly have come at a worse time. Still making the effort to eliminate all traces of the Heath era (and many Tories regard his Lonrho speech as the moment when the tide began to turn against him), the Thatcher leadership has embarked on a campaign to emphasise the dynamic and innovative virtues of capitalism. From now on, they say, there are to be no more fetters and restrictions placed on the entrepreneur, or the 'risk-taker' as Sir Keith Joseph endlessly puts it. It will be interesting to see what they make of a report which features so many famous names from their party, and which seems to many people to highlight exactly the sort of business practice which Labour exists to confront and eliminate. The Foreign Office knew what it was doing when it recommended non-publication. The Lonrho affair has certainly damaged Britain's image in the Third World countries where capitalism's predatory face is so much more obvious. It has irreparably tarnished the reputation of the City as a place where the stewardship of public companies is properly controlled. And it has served as another reminder that the private ownership of resources can degenerate into a version of piracy with disturbing speed.

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· Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

An Evening with Robert Relf

The commonest poster in Tilbury depicts the face of Hitler: 'Your Nazional Front Candidate.' And when I bought an evening paper from a small boy who came round the pub, the same image fell out onto the table. It was a *Socialist Worker* leaflet. 'Don't be fooled,' it said. 'A ragbag of thugs are standing in the coming election. They call themselves the National Front. Don't be misled by their claims to represent the interests and wishes of workers and their families. They are out-and-out Nazis.'

We walked past the demonstrators and a polite young man (they were nearly all young) showed us into the school hall. It felt strange to be behind the lines, to watch the police cordon through the plate glass, and hear the repeated chant: 'Relf is a Nazi – Smash the National Front.' A few of the Front men were casting the taunts back – 'Smash the Jews first,' they shouted, and 'What's wrong with Nazism then?' Nervous and threatening stewards surveyed the hall, while smiling friends greeted each other, after running the gauntlet of the demonstration. In the corner, the candidate was anxiously working through his speech.

A Labour party worker had told me earlier in the day how surprised she had been at the number of people who were going to vote for the Front. There had been no immigration problem in Thurrock, she said, and race had not been an issue before the Front's candidate was announced last week. There was a small Asian group in Grays (at the centre of the constituency); but she did not think they had posed any problem. There had been trouble at Gravesend, across the river. Perhaps, she said, there had been contact on the ferry. She spoke of racism as if it were the sort of disease that might be held in check by a strip of water.

John Roberts, the Front's candidate, had a more seductive explanation. He appealed to the audience more or less as refugees. They had fled the East End of London, to escape the Asian invasion. He talked about the inner cities as multi-racial bankrupt slums. Where you see one Asian, he said, you will very soon see some more. 'You already have a few here – the others will come to join their friends. Are you prepared to have them here?' And: 'Do you wish your local village square to resemble a Bangladesh market-place? Could you stand – think now – could you stand the constant smell of curry?'

Every time there was a standing ovation for Relf, I scribbled hard in my notebook in order to avoid having to get to my feet. There were others in the audience who were hostile to the speakers, and they received the careful attention of the stewards. One group had been conspicuous from the start, and just after Relf began his speech a woman shouted out 'May I ask why we are having our photographs taken?' 'You should be proud to be here,' came the reply, and at once the audience became galvanised into action. 'OUT, OUT, OUT,' they shouted. The conspicuous group left shortly afterwards.

Each time the meeting became worked up, I thought how much depended on its scale. There were over 200 of us, so the hall was full but not crowded. The police were at the door, and everything was visible. A larger meeting, a larger hall, a larger demonstration outside – the outcome would have been different. As it was, things remained just on the edge of control. Our anticipation of Relf was built up by the speakers. Martin Webster told us how Relf had been treated in prison by a Zulu doctor ('You could tell he was a doctor because he had a nicer bone through his nose'), who had persistently underestimated the gravity of Relf's condition. We heard that coloured immigration to Britain had just begun, and about the struggle for racial survival. Then we were introduced to the hero of the struggle.

A phrase – 'the banality of evil' – suggested itself at once. Whatever Relf stands for, he could hardly be called charismatic. He has no speaking voice to speak of; his words come out in an adenoidal mumble. But what he had to say was admirably simple. He told us that he had had a bad press recently (the other speakers had congratulated him on the amount of publicity he had given to the cause) and that he just wished to tell us a bit about himself. What he wanted to say was that in 1940, at the age of 16, he had joined the army, giving his age as 19, and that he had fought in the war. He had been in the Monte Cassino campaign. He had been in the army six years, had tried to rejoin and had been turned down on the grounds of bad health. 'All I want to point out,' he said, 'is that all this time I was in the British Army fighting the Germans.'

In front of him on the bookstand lay piles of magazines, including the one in the 'Historical Fact' series which is entitled 'Did Six Million Really Die?', a work which argues that the extermination of the Jews was a fiction. I thought of Relf's PS to the letter published in the *Sunday Times*: 'Come back Adolf Hitler – All is Forgiven.' And I wondered whether the portraits of Hitler staring down from the road-signs of Tilbury would excite general loathing of the Front, or whether it was not perfectly possible that they would suggest another idea – the idea of a solution. A man's experience of war may teach him everything – or it may teach him nothing. In Relf's case, it had left him a patriot and a fascist.

Who speaks against the National Front? In Parliament the case is lost before it has begun. The Tories talk in a code which yields the argument without the slightest struggle. 'Parliamentary language' barely conceals the assumptions which the Tilbury meeting shared. Indeed it is in a way refreshing to go from Westminster to such a gathering, and hear people saying what they really mean. As for Labour, the issue is fought in the worst possible terms – arguments about numbers, and whether the pool of immigrants will ever dry up. And all the while (it was a constant feature of Monday's immigration debate) there is an air of congratulation – all the participants in the debate, or nearly all of them, are being so responsible. Thank God we can sit down together and discuss the matter in a civilised way.

The symbol of this reasonableness is Roy Jenkins, whose photograph appears regularly in *Spearhead*, the National Front Magazine. To Westminster, Jenkins represents worthy liberalism, statesmanship, principle. To the National Front, he stands for evasion, privilege, deceit. Jenkins's style of life, which in Westminster seems either irritating, or admirable, or a bit of a joke, comes to represent the worst elitism in the NF demonology. So when Jenkins tries to get blacks admitted into working men's clubs, the Front ask the question – what about Jenkins's clubs? Will blacks be allowed into Brooks's?

Grinning slightly, his bright eyes shining out of a surprisingly sun-tanned face, Relf made his claim to fame: 'I've put the first nail in the Race Relations Board's coffin.' Let the two parties ('Tweedledum and Tweedledee', Webster had called them) share the coloured vote between them, and let the National Front have your vote. Think of your children, he said, and think of your grandchildren. And the audience rose to applaud the man who had put his life on the line for Britain.

It used to be said that the Left were wrong to take the National Front seriously. Pay any attention to them and they will grow, ignore them and they will go away. That is what used to be said, but today it's different, isn't it? The message that Martin Webster used to rouse the troops was – we've already scared the Establishment. As Andrew Fountaine, the former Tory candidate put it: 'Nothing can stop us because it is the things of the mind that matter.'

But if the Front have grown, as they have, to the point where they are no longer treated as a joke, it is not because the Left have sometimes opposed them on the streets; it is because Parliament has been embarrassed to meet them head on.

NEW STATESMAN
Vol 92 No 2364
Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1976
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

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Paul Johnson

The Long Arm of Justice

The successful Israeli commando raid on Entebbe Airport brought joy to the hearts of all civilised people throughout the world, not merely because it saved the lives of over 100 innocents, extinguished their murderous captors and humiliated the despotic monster Amin, but because it demonstrated that there is still such a thing as international justice. And justice, moreover, which has a long arm. Hitherto, the international thugs who work for the so-called 'Palestinian' cause, while often hunted down individually by Israeli anti-terror units, have felt themselves reasonably secure in a number of havens, notably Algeria, Libya and Uganda. All three are military dictatorships, under regimes of terror, run by men on the borderline of sanity, officially committed to policies of international anarchy, racism and organised violence. All, while claiming irrefrangible sovereignty for themselves, systematically infringe that of neighbouring states, ridicule the laws of international conduct, train assassination squads to murder presidents and prime ministers, and actively sponsor attempts to subvert fellow African regimes with which they are in ideological conflict. All are freely armed by the Soviet leaders in their unending quest to destroy legitimacy and order throughout the world.

Uganda is a particularly instructive case. Amin came to power through violence with the approval, perhaps even the encouragement, of our know-nothing Foreign Office 'experts'. In the course of his eccentric career, he was at one time a noisy ally of Israel, and a client of their development aid service – which explains why the Israelis were so happily familiar with the topography of Entebbe airport. Then the Arabs bribed him into their camp, and he has recently become heavily dependent on their money, arms and even manpower. Amin's regime now resembles that of the late 'Papa Doc' in Haiti, with its *ton tons Macoute*, and other horrors. It has alienated every section of educated opinion in the country, and indeed the great mass of ordinary Ugandans, who may not understand the subtleties of modern politics but who can recognise an evil man who wants to lead them back into darkness and savagery.

Unable to depend on his countrymen for his personal safety, Amin has allowed a number of international terrorists, loosely attached to their 'Palestinian' paymasters, to find refuge in Uganda, and from them he has recruited his personal bodyguard. He has also allowed these terrorist groups to use Uganda as a base for operations. Earlier this year, for instance, a 'Palestinian' murder-gang, armed with Soviet anti-aircraft missiles supplied by Amin, unsuccessfully attempted to shoot down an Israeli airliner, flying from Johannesburg to Tel Aviv, as it landed to refuel at Nairobi Airport. Two of these terrorists, as Amin seemingly was aware, had in 1975 attempted to destroy an El Al airliner landing at Paris. The whole gang was arrested in Nairobi, and detained; and their release was part of the bargain the terrorists tried to negotiate last week.

Amin's implication in the attempted crime at Nairobi airport deepened his conflict with the Kenyan authorities, and pushed him further into the arms of the terrorists. He already has claims to large tracts of Kenyan territory, and has several times mounted acts of subversion against the Kenyatta government – one of the last civilised regimes left in black Africa. Last week Amin suffered a blow when his ally and fellow murderer, Ghadaffi of Libya, failed in an attempt to overthrow the regime in Sudan, a contiguous northern neighbour

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of both Uganda and Kenya. Although a thousand mercenaries were trained by Ghadaffi for the purpose, the plot misfired, the regime emerged triumphant, and the net result was to weaken the forces of anarchy in that part of the world. It was for this reason that Amin was particularly anxious to handle the Entebbe airport affair successfully. His prestige is, in any case, waning even among the more primitive African states, and his chairmanship of the Organisation of African Unity has come to an end.

Amin's object was identical with that of the 'Palestinian' terrorists: he wanted to secure the release of the convicted prisoners held by the Israeli and other governments, which could then be hailed as a victory for Afro-Asian solidarity and, not least, for his personal authority and powers of diplomacy. That is why he agreed with the hijackers (possibly at the stage when the plan was conceived) to receive the Air France airbus at Entebbe; relieved the four exhausted hijackers, when the aircraft arrived, with 'Palestinian' terrorists from his own personal squads; provided Ugandan troops to detain and menace the terrified hostages; released all the hostages except the Israelis and the Air France crew – thus providing proof of his racist and political objectives – and made available all the military and diplomatic means in his power to bring the terrorist operations to a successful conclusion. There is abundant evidence to show that, once the hijacked aircraft landed at Entebbe, it was Amin, not the 'Palestinian' terrorists, who was in effective command.

Amin has, therefore, aligned his wretched country wholly with the forces of international terrorism, and placed it in a posture of *de facto* war with the states of Israel and Kenya. This alone would not only justify, but make meritorious and commendable, the Israeli operation to snatch the innocents from Amin's grasp, and Kenya's decision to help them do so. Was it right? asked *The Times*, fatuously. It was not only obviously right, it was essential; for the alternatives were either that over 100 hostages would die, or that more than 50 trained and convicted terrorists would be unleashed upon the world again. 'The end result is a moral and diplomatic nullity,' said the *Guardian*, demonstrating the new brand of trendy cynicism with which it has replaced its old sanctimonious humbuggery. Far from being a moral and diplomatic nullity, the Israeli operation is a practical demonstration that the forces of moral decency are no longer quite powerless in a corrupt and bewildered world, and that diplomacy need not always be confined to sordid bargains reached in UN corridors, but can be backed up by police action.

Of course, Amin will now set up a caterwauling at the Security Council, on the subject of invasions of sovereignty, natural justice, the rights of the 'emerging' nations, Israeli colonialism, and any other cliché he can contrive to gabble. Nowadays, no man of sense pays much attention to what the UN does, or does not do, still less to what it says. But it is particularly important, on this occasion, that all those nations who value the true objectives of the UN, the real substance of international law and justice, and who are genuinely committed to preserving an orderly and peaceful world, should publicly align themselves with the successful Israeli demonstration that there is no safe haven anywhere for the terrorist and his abettors. The United States has already done so. So have several other European nations and statesmen.

From the British government and the Foreign Office, in shameful contrast, has come nothing but silence or equivocation. Blustering Jim Callaghan, who poses as a policeman and law enforcer whenever he feels it quite safe to do so, has no comment on this act of salutary justice. Foreign Secretary Crosland, himself a parachutist – though the only place he ever liberated was the casino at Cannes – betrays cowardly embarrassment. When the Government falters, it is for the House of Commons to speak for the overwhelming majority of British people, who hail the Israeli operation with admiration – and relief that the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted.

But it is even more important that Africans, both as individuals and as governments, should repudiate Amin, and disavow his claim to epitomise their continent. There are plenty of people in the West, former supporters of colonialism, who are only too ready to believe that Africa is reverting to barbarism and savagery, and who cite Amin as their witness. In his horrifying and prophetic story, *Heart of Darkness*, set in the Belgian Congo, Joseph Conrad might have had Amin in mind when he wrote of 'his exalted and incredible degradation', and the power of the African environment to reject civilisation and recreate ancient tribal tyrannies by 'the heavy mute spell of the wilderness, that seemed to draw him to his pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous passions . . .' But the real Africa has a longing for civilised justice; it is both a more hopeful and a more innocent place than the Africa of Amin and his fellow despots. If the real Africa can now recover its voice, the events at Entebbe will find their place in history not just as a high adventure, nor even as a single act of international justice, but as a landmark in the maturing of an entire continent.

Peter Hillmore

The Lonrho Connection

Well, now we know. Mr Heath's classic phrase about the 'unacceptable face of capitalism' was not political hyperbole after all – it was in fact a gross understatement. He really should have included the head and shoulders as well. Even a writer with the imagination of Harold Robbins would have difficulty in coming up with a plot like the one the Department of Trade inspectors presented this week in their report* on the workings on Lonrho.

It includes directors deliberately grabbing large pieces of the financial action for themselves, misleading each other, deceiving shareholders, altering accounts, breaking both international and company law, paying each other in exotic tax havens and claiming a £306,000 expense account. All the plot needs is for one of the main characters to be married to a princess, or something like that, and for another to be a former cabinet minister, and the whole thing would really be too fanciful. Companies don't behave like that in real life, surely.

Oh yes they do. On its own, the publication of the shabby and shady goings-on at Lonrho would be devastating enough. But coming on top of other Department of Trade investigations into the workings of the City, they are shattering. There are too many similarities between the three most recent reports – on Sir Denys Lowson's £5m. personal profit on a unit trust deal, on the workings of Mr Gerald Caplan's London and County Securities and now on Mr 'Tiny' Rowland's Lonrho – for the Lonrho saga to be dismissed as just a curious financial aberration.

Each of the three companies was built up basically by the drive and ambition of one particular man – Sir Denys Lowson, Mr Caplan, Mr Rowland. Each of the three men was able to create an empire where dubious practices proliferated, where other directors allowed documents to be signed without reading them, decisions to be made without consultation, did not press for full answers to their questions or frequently did not even ask questions. Directors of all three empires did not carry out their basic responsibilities of protecting the interests of their employers, the shareholders. In each of the reports, they are weighed in the balance and found wanting, be they former Lord Mayors of London, friends of leaders of political parties, or married to royalty.

To make matters worse, it is not only the people on the inside who come out badly in the reports on the workings of top financial minds. Even the outside, independent accountants, the supposed guardians of financial accuracy and impartiality, are found lacking. In the Lonrho report, the inspectors find that two of the City's leading accounting firms 'failed to perform their duties as auditors'. In the London and County report, the inspectors said that the auditors failed to perform their duties with 'reasonable diligence'.

Quis custodiet? Certainly not our other watchdogs, the press. In spite of, or perhaps because of, all these revelations, the newspapers have rallied in defence of the

*__Inspectors' Report on Lonrho Ltd__ by ALLAN HEYMAN QC and SIR WILLIAM SLIMMINGS CBE, CA. *Stationery Office* £13.20.

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Lonrho directors. The *Daily Telegraph* plastered its front page with statements from the accused, with headlines like 'unfair and unjust' and, most worried of all, 'Ammunition for Labour Left'. The *Guardian* summed up its basic judgment as 'So what!'. The *Daily Mirror* on Wednesday morning presented Angus Ogilvy as some kind of royal Gary Cooper, nobly riding off into the sunset, with 'The End' plastered across his back, 'for the sake of the Queen'.

What nonsense! Angus Ogilvy resigned all his City directorships on Tuesday night because the Lonrho report makes it clear that he had not fulfilled his basic duties as a director of a public company. He has complained that he is unable to defend himself against the conclusions and criticisms that the inspectors make about him (although some legal opinion feels that he can). But it doesn't matter – the most damning evidence against Mr Ogilvy comes not from the pens of the inspectors but from the mouth of Mr Ogilvy himself.

In an oral interview with the two inspectors, Mr Ogilvy was questioned about the development of Lonrho's Rhodesian interests after the declaration of UDT:

> 'You knew that a copper mine was being developed in Rhodesia?'
>
> 'Yes, that is quite true.'
>
> 'And that the company's money was being used in developing the copper long after UDI?'
>
> 'That is quite true, sir.'

The inspectors pressed their questions:

> 'Tell me, what I find extremely difficult to understand is how were you able, if you like, to close your ears every time Rhodesia was mentioned, because this is what you are telling us.'
>
> 'I think I was totally wrong to do so.'
>
> 'So you simply obliterated from your thoughts anything in relation to one quarter of the whole of Lonrho?'
>
> 'That is true. I'm not saying it is right, but that is what I did.'

Mr Ogilvy's position was well summed up by the QC who represented him at the hearings with the inspectors. A. J. L. Lloyd QC said of his client: 'I think it is the essence of not wanting to know, if you see what I mean, that he is frightened if he does know he may find something which he does not like.'

It is this philosophy that makes Mr Ogilvy unfit to be a director of a public company, and it is his answers that justify the inspectors' describing Mr Ogilvy as 'negligent in fulfilling his duties' (unlike Mr Thorpe at London and County, he can't even claim he was a non-executive director and therefore not privy to the day-to-day workings of the company).

Of course, it is Mr Ogilvy's royal connection that has lent the story most of its personal drama; but he is in fact the product and exponent of the system. Those (depressingly few) people in the Labour Party who have demanded major reforms in the City and its workings have grown used to being told that their criticisms are old-fashioned and irrelevant to Britain's problems. A modest investment of £13.20 should provide them with 660 pages of documentation as to why they are right and the complacent are wrong.

Robin Cook*

Britain's Arms Bazaar

The record heat-wave must have been regarded as an unexpected bonus at the Ministry of Defence. It provided just the right climatic conditions for the customers they attracted from throughout the globe, but chiefly from the Middle East, to the first British Army Equipment Exhibition at Aldershot.

Never before can such an imposing collection of military equipment have been brought together in one enormous supermarket. In the exhibition hall over 100 companies sat before their trade stands, proving beyond doubt that at least one section of British manufacturing industry is still thriving. Did we want a comprehensive SAM missile system, or were we merely seeking a handy shoulder-launcher? Was it the 105mm. cannon that caught our eye or a simple sub-machine-gun with 'optional' bayonet? Would a year-planner help to chart our next offensive? Perhaps in this weather we felt like settling for an inflatable shelter with water tank?

Wherever weapons are sold there is a tacit conspiracy to conceal the reality of war. Thus literary allusions make popular trade names. In an obscure Shakespearian reference EMI have named their mortar targeting system 'Cymbeline'. More chilling was an entry from Marconi Communication simply named 'Triffid Equipment'. Could this be what Brezhnev meant in his warning of a new generation of weapons of mass murder more terrifying than nuclear explosives?

Outside military vehicles and armour lined the route to the refreshment marquee. Against the rich green of the Hampshire landscape the Chieftain tank stood out conspicuously in sandy cream. With shrewd commercial sense they had chosen to display the model they export to Kuwait.

Since Denis Healey established the Defence Sales Office in 1966 arms exports have shown a prodigious growth. Exports now account for over a third of the total output of the defence industry. The naked commercialism which converted Aldershot into a military bazaar provided only formal recognition that the nation of shopkeepers now specialises in armaments sales. It also demonstrates how little we care with whom we do business. Everyone – well nearly everyone – got an invitation. Even the minor sales potential of Bermuda was not overlooked. A swift scan over the names of the 56 nations who accepted the invitation explains why the arms trade is big business.

Our best customers fall into two groups. First, there are the belligerents. Both sides of every potential conflict in the foreseeable future were well represented. India and Pakistan were both there. Greece and Turkey turned out in force. Israel was there too and Egypt sent the single most prestigious delegation led by no fewer than seven generals, rather more even than the Americans.

It is a truism that every war for the past two decades has been fought by poor countries with weapons supplied by rich countries. This was reflected at Aldershot in the paradox that at least half the potential customers who turned up are also to be found among the recipients of the British aid programme. The contrast in resources between vendor and buyer poses a sharp question of policy. Is it really legitimate for the Ministry of Defence to extract from the economy of a Third World state an amount that will nullify the laborious achievements of the Overseas Development Ministry?

More fundamentally, have we not made certain wars more likely by being so enthusiastic in supplying the combatants with the means? Despite the tremendous rate of attrition of the Yom Kippur war both sides have found their arms suppliers so understanding that now they each are even more heavily armed than at its outset. Has this really contributed to the relaxation of tension in the area, which is the ostensible aim of our foreign diplomacy?

Moreover the most recent arms deals do not simply sell weapons. They transfer the whole manufacturing capacity to the purchaser. We are now not selling tanks and aircraft to Egypt but promoting the formation of an indigenous armaments industry so that she can produce them herself. We are in short creating in Egypt a military-industrial complex which will exert the same opposition to defence cuts and arms control that we have seen in the West.

Our second major group of customers

* *Robin Cook is Labour MP for Edinburgh Central*

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are those governments who are so unpopular that they only stay in power by terrorising their civilian population. Iran, Indonesia, Bahrein, Brazil and South Korea were all well represented at Aldershot. Indeed the South Koreans sent the second largest delegation of any non-Nato country (the largest, curiously, came from Yugoslavia).

Equipment for these valued customers is now a minor speciality of the Defence Sales Office. Ulster of course has helped it to develop this line. Among the exhibits illustrated at Aldershot was a Fire Discipline Range which recreated a realistic townscape and confronted the infantryman with a series of life-size moving targets. The aim was to develop his speed of reaction and encourage him to shoot the gunman without hitting the old lady (this is known as 'target motivation').

Now, an open society threatened by the collapse of law has a perfect right to develop such a training facility for its forces. But must we place it on sale in general to states where the opportunities for democratic opposition are limited and where insurrection may therefore be a more legitimate means of change, indeed perhaps the only hope of change? And are we really happy at selling it in particular to Lee Kuan Yew, whose representative at Aldershot was enthusiastic about purchasing the equipment?

Last March 12 veterans of the opposition to President Park issued an appeal to the world from the Catholic cathedral in Seoul. Their statement called on the West to suspend all trade with South Korea until basic democratic rights were restored. They were all predictably and promptly arrested. The first major politician from the West subsequently to visit Seoul was Roy Mason, who spent the Easter recess in South Korea with the express purpose of boosting British arms sales. The signatories of the statement have had plenty of leisure in jail to reflect on the bitter irony of this response to their plea.

It may be that the Foreign Office takes the view that democracy will never be restored in South Korea, or established in Iran. They may be right in this bleak view. But if they are wrong Britain will never be forgiven by the new regime for what we are doing now for the sake of a fast buck. Nor do we deserve to be forgiven.

Mary Holland

Ireland's Other Crisis

If Denis Healey thinks he's got problems he might do worse than come to Dublin for his summer holidays and take a look at a real economic crisis. To quote a report published last week by the government-funded Economic and Social Research Institute, the proportion of Ireland's economic difficulties now seem to be 'insurmountable: The twin goals of lower inflation and higher employment are further from realisation now than would have seemed possible six months ago'.

The facts, not to mention the predictions that flow from them, ought to make apocalyptic reading. Inflation is running at an annual rate of over 18 per cent. Unemployment, currently around 11 per cent, is likely to rise to 13 per cent by the end of the year. The ESRI report gives a revised downward estimate for this year's growth rate from 2 per cent to ½ per cent. The third bank strike in ten years is now into its second week, shows no outward sign of settlement and is palpably slowing down economic life. Last Saturday, at a special conference, the Irish trade unions rejected a national wage agreement which would have given their members wage increases of from £6 to £10.15 over the next 13 months. Those union leaders who recommended rejection said that the money was good, especially when you looked at England, but they could not accept the restrictive clauses.

Yet, truth to tell, it is difficult to take it all very seriously, mainly because nobody here seems to do so. The insouciance of the politicians is breathtaking. The Dail adjourned last Thursday, two days before the trade unions met to consider whether or not to accept the national wage agreement. It will not reassemble, nor debate the situation which arises from the rejection of the agreement until mid-October. Pressed by the Opposition as to whether it wasn't rather irresponsible, Premier Liam Cosgrave came up with an ingenious answer. At the prompting of his chief whip he proffered the explanation that an ante-room in the Senate needed structural repairs and that that kind of building work takes a lot of time. There seems to be some argument as to whether or not an ironic smile was playing about his lips at the time or later when he urged the assembled deputies to go off and get themselves a good tan.

There is none of that sense of urgent public debate which, more or less usefully, surrounds such recurring economic dramas in England. Coming from a country where one grows numb at the sight of yet another government minister or union leader or secretary of the CBI on the box, lecturing viewers on the enormity of the current crisis, this absence of any real attempt at public education is immediately striking. Almost the only hortatory note in recent weeks has come from (guess who?) the Catholic bishops. Last month they issued a statement for 'hard work, self-sacrifice and the abandonment of purely sectional interests'. Although the statement has been criticised as an attack on strikes, there has been grudging sympathy for the hierarchy's exasperated admonition to the politicians that they have a 'special responsibility to keep before the people consistently and firmly the often harsh realities of the situation'.

For the moment the most urgent problem for most Dubliners is how to cash a cheque for the weekend groceries, and the most heated debate concerns what beach to head for on Sunday afternoons. The stupefying pleasure of the heat-wave has made the harsh realities of economics seem even more remote. The city looks sumptuous, at least the picture postcard end of it does. The ivy cascades over the Georgian houses of Fitzwilliam Square, and the coast road which snakes out to Joyce's Martello tower at Sandy Cove has been positively Mediterranean these balmy nights as family parties promenade along the front, a traffic hazard of major proportions.

Unfortunately for Mr Cosgrave's coalition government, there are already signs that the heat-wave may be breaking, and the prognosis for the winter is one of very grave discontent. All objective analyses show that unemployment and inflation will continue to rise and that despite larger wage increases the drop in the real standard of living will be more severe than in England. If, as seems likely, a wages free-for-all follows the unions' rejection of the national wage agreement, then the difference between English and Irish wage increases will mean that Irish goods will become less competitive at home and abroad. In this situation there is little sign that the EEC, which most Irish politicians still appear to regard as their best hope for a lifebelt, will be prepared to listen sympathetically to appeals for special consideration. Already the marked failure of the EEC to help its poorer members has meant that the gap between countries like Ireland at one end and West Germany at the other is growing rather than narrowing.

Even allowing for the respite given by the three-and-a-half-month Dail recess, this must lead to increasing political strains for the coalition government. Already it is known that Mr Cosgrave and his Minister of Finance, Richie Ryan – both of them from the traditionally conservative Fine Gael Party – believe that a statutory wage freeze will be necessary to tackle the country's economic problems. Labour Ministers in the Government reject this idea, pointing out that that if the unions won't accept a wage agreement which allows for increases of up to £10 a week they are hardly likely to knuckle under to a wage freeze. Some Labour ministers favour an overall economic plan but know that with the present demands for stringent cuts in public spending this just isn't possible.

All this and not a word about the bomb attacks on major tourist hotels last weekend. For once the situation is quite desperate enough without dragging violence into it. As the Englishman once said, desperate but not, as far as one can ascertain, serious.

Dublin

This Australia

☐ The Society for Perpendicular Interment announced in Melbourne yesterday a worldwide campaign to have dead people buried upright in cylindrical cardboard coffins. An official of the society said that horizontal burial took up too much room in an overcrowded world. – *Daily Telegraph* (Derrick Speight)

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Profile: David Steel

Easy Rider

'The leadership of the Liberal Party is not the presidency of the United States' – as a remark it has a by now familiar put-down ring to it; and, sure enough, it came from the new leader of the Liberal Party in the week following Jeremy Thorpe's resignation. Hardly the stuff politicians are normally expected to give their followers. But then in the past two months David Steel has taught other politicians a lesson or two – including the useful one that exuberance and exaggeration need not be the only language of politics. Even on the night before his victory was officially confirmed, there was very little air of excitement about him: just a sober acceptance of the fact that he was going to win and a wary, almost apprehensive, attitude towards the 'razzmatazz' that must, inevitably, follow.

When he was first elected to Parliament, at a by-election in 1965, David Steel promptly observed that he found 'the celebrations far more exhausting than the actual campaign' and, though he was only 26 at the time, that wry, Stevensonian detachment has stayed with him ever since. When virtually all his parliamentary colleagues were taking to the airwaves last February to offer their views on Mr Thorpe's difficulties, David Steel's reaction could hardly have been bettered by Adlai Stevenson himself. Asked to explain his silence, he simply said: 'I do not believe in approaching every problem with a completely open mouth.' It was a piece of advice that John Pardoe could perhaps have profited by both at the time and over these past two months.

Not that the luckless Pardoe counts by any means as David Steel's first victim. Connoisseurs of the Steel style have had almost a sense of *déjà vu* during the Liberal leadership contest. For in Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles in 1965 the Tory candidate, Robin McEwen – selected by the constituency at the personal request of Sir Alec Douglas-Home – also found himself reduced to blustering and whining by turns. It was, for its time, a crucial by-election and David Steel was conceded even by the *Daily Telegraph* to have fought a model campaign; when the result was announced, and a Tory majority of 1,700 in October 1964 was found to have turned into a Liberal majority of 4,600 *15 months later*, Sir Alec Douglas-Home's death warrant as leader of the Tory Party was effectively signed and sealed.

And not without justice either. For the 'Border country' that Steel has represented for 11 years hardly belongs to the traditional Liberal 'Celtic fringe'. With its slumbering gentry, its shooting lodges and its butterfly nets, it should be – and indeed was until 1964 (when Steel first fought the seat) – part of the heartland of Toryism. That the Conservative Party should now have lost five successive elections in such a constituency should have served warning on any opponent of Steel's skill as a campaigner.

He is, of course, the ideal parliamentary candidate – light miles away from Arthur Hopcraft's *The Nearly Man* or Trevor Griffiths's *Bill Brand*. It's almost as if there were an actual flavour of wholesomeness about him, a flavour immediately spotted by both broadcasting networks, who have successively used him (much to the chagrin of his constituency opponents) as a regular

presenter of Sunday night religious programmes.

But then he has always been the kind of politician with whom the morally worthy middle class feels instinctively at home. He is, after all, one of them – the eldest son of a Presbyterian minister who crowned his career last year by being Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. His father's was the kind of house into which the NS & N used regularly to arrive each week throughout Steel's childhood; and the new Liberal leader's uncompromising views on race are probably based on the part of his boyhood he spent in Nairobi, where his father served as a Presbyterian missionary for eight years during the days when even Jomo Kenyatta could be denounced by the British Governor as 'a leader to darkness and death'. The Steel family background was one in which work always counted as much as faith; and it can hardly be a coincidence that of David Steel's two brothers and two sisters one should have been a nurse, another an occupational therapist, the third a doctor and the fourth a young policeman.

The temptation, obviously, is to regard him as someone almost too good to be true – the Liberal Party's answer, as it were, to Shirley Williams. It is a vision that David Steel himself by no means rejects: indeed, he was a little put out when James Fenton wrote of him last month (NS 18 June) that he was perhaps 'not as nice as he seems'. And yet there must be something to that judgment – if only because nice guys, as we all know, finish last; and that is something that Steel, from the moment that he extricated himself from a hopeless constituency (Pentlands) in 1964 in order to fight Roxburgh that same year, has never made a habit of doing. His career, moreover, has been so far one of almost copy-book success. The youngest MP in the 1964-66 Parliament (as he proudly recalls in *Who's Who*), he managed within 18 months to make a national name for himself as the sponsor of a Private Member's Abortion Bill.

It was, admittedly, a brave thing for a Scottish MP dependent on Kirk votes to do. But it was still hardly a reckless one. The original proposal put to Steel at the time was, indeed, that he should take on the task of piloting Lord Arran's Homosexual Law Reform Bill through the Commons. Steel admits that he considered it carefully but finally turned it down on two grounds – first because the Church of Scotland had formally opposed the Wolfenden Committee's recommendations and, secondly, because the Bill expressly excluded any change in Scottish law on the subject.

Perhaps more revealing of his canniness even than that was his simultaneous rejection of what would have been the safe option – the introduction of a Bill designed to provide the Borders with its own version of the Highlands and Islands Development Board. For an MP recently elected largely on a policy of a 'boost for the Borders' it might have seemed the obvious move to make: 'obvious', maybe, but not, as Steel discovered, likely to be in any way effective. The Government, he learned, after taking soundings, would not in any circumstances offer parliamentary time for such a Bill; on the other hand, it was prepared to *facilitate the passage of a measure to put* the back-street abortionists out of business. *Ergo*, go for the effective reform rather than the empty gesture.

The Abortion Bill, of course, eventually got on to the statute book, though not until after a tough parliamentary fight in which Steel earned the lasting hostility of that other great back-bench social reformer, the Labour MP Leo Abse. At least, however, Abse did not have a vote in Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles; a number of Roman Catholics, however, did – and undoubtedly his sponsorship of the Abortion Act had something to do with the one bad fright Steel has so far got in his parliamentary life.

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In the doom-laden Liberal election of 1970 his majority went down to 550 – though even that was 200 more than Jeremy Thorpe's. His efforts on behalf of abortion reform were not, however, solely responsible for that. Even more controversial in the Rugby-playing Borders had been Steel's opposition, in his capacity as president of the Anti-Apartheid Movement, to the Springboks tour of 1969-70. To go to the main Rugby ground, Galashiels, in his own constituency and protest, if silently, against the South Africans being allowed to play took political nerve and moral courage of a high order. Even today Steel still calls it 'the most difficult decision I've had to make' and the fact that he made up his mind the way he did, no doubt, explains why even people like Peter Hain were to be found in his corner during the recent leadership contest.

Hain was a valuable backer for Steel to have, if only because the new leader's personal style of politics has not generally commended itself to the Liberal Party's more noisy and vociferous 'radical' elements. Partly, it may be no more than a question of his tone of voice: those who want to 'bust the system' do not normally look to reason and persuasion to do the job for them. But the difference goes beyond that. From the start of his career in politics – indeed before it was even properly launched – Steel has always seemed to accept that the Liberal Party may have to settle for a role as an 'influence' rather than as a political force in its own right. As long ago as 1963, when he was merely a 24-year-old assistant secretary to the Scottish Liberal Party, he was to be found writing:

> I am always alarmed when I read of candidates and others in responsible positions arguing that the party should adopt yet more candidates and fight on an even broader front in order to return a Liberal government at the next election. To my mind this is an invitation to mass suicide.

Seven years later, after five years as an MP, he was still striking the same note. Claiming that Liberals ought to be prepared to make local arrangements with liberal-minded candidates of other parties (he specifically mentioned Ben Whitaker in Hampstead and Nigel Fisher in Surbiton) he went on expressly to reject

> any idea that we can simply plod on as before, spending the next ten years building back to a dozen or 15 MPs, only to face near-annihilation on a sudden small swing of the pendulum.

And, of course, this time two years ago it was Steel, in an official party broadcast, who first floated the Liberal 'coalition' notion. Despite the hubbub it caused, he remains unrepentant in his belief that if his advice had been followed the October 1974 election need not have been the disappointment for the Liberal Party that it was.

He could be right, certainly his has always been the voice of reason – talking sense (as Adlai Stevenson also tried to do) not just to the Liberal Party but to the country at large. But political leaders, at least in the past, have tended to require different, and less detached, gifts. Even Adlai Stevenson, after all, never actually won the presidency of the United States.

William Chislett

Spain's Dubious Matador

Already Spain's new Premier, Adolfo Suarez, is being spoken of as a younger version of Carlos Arias, the country's outgoing Prime Minister. More articulate and far more handsome than Arias, Suarez's dark matador looks are aptly suited to the bullfighting role he takes on in the country's hot political arena.

Suarez at 43 is Spain's youngest-ever Premier, relatively unknown and politically inexperienced. Arias's *faena* in post-Franco Spain for seven months was a disaster and his moment of truth came when King Juan Carlos summoned him to the royal Oriente palace to tell him that he now accepted his resignation, offered some time ago. The conflict between the King and Arias was an open secret. The King would have liked to appoint a more liberal man than Suarez, probably his Foreign Minister, Jose Maria Areilza; but the choice given him by the Council of the Realm, responsible for drawing up a list of three candidates, made this impossible. The council, bastion of Francoism, was prepared to see Arias go, but not what he stood for.

While villagers in Cebreros, Suarez's birthplace in the province of Avila, held a fiesta to mark the occasion of 'local boy makes good', the opposition, bewildered and confused, predictably condemned him as being incapable of dismantling the structure of the dictatorship. Socialists decided to give Suarez the benefit of the doubt and reserve judgment until his first government gets into action. The Spanish Communist Party condemned him outright. Marcelino Camacho, the leader of the workers' commissions, the underground trade union movement, put his finger on the main criticism when he said that the appointment of Suarez was probably an attempt to disguise the old regime under a younger face. Camacho made his remark after being fined £1,600 for addressing an unauthorised workers' meeting in a Madrid church.

The state-controlled television has already started to use the same technique on Suarez that it is using on the King, putting across their youthful family images. After all, the combined age of Suarez and the 38-year-old King is two years less than the age at which Franco died last November. Suarez is a dark horse. As minister of the fascist National Movement under Arias his credentials for calling himself a democrat – which he did earlier this year – are hard to accept. The Spanish press made great play of his defence of recognising some political parties, when a Bill to legalise them was approved by the Cortes a month ago. But as the penal code still declares all parties illegal the reform is a sham. Suarez was portrayed as Daniel going into the Cortes lions' den – or 'bunker' as the entrenched Right is popularly called. Significantly, Suarez did not use the word political party in his speech, but stuck to the Francoist terminology of 'association'.

Suarez himself founded a political association in 1974, the Union of the Spanish People, allowed within the framework of the Movement. If he intends to base his government's programme on that association's programme then Camacho's remark is prophetic. The association believes in continuity, respect for the present constitution ('open to the necessary reforms') and the use of the armed forces to maintain law and order. No wonder he is regarded as a younger Arias. Suarez was only nine when the civil war ended, unlike Arias, who at 30 was busy earning himself a reputation as a military prosecutor at the time of the reprisals after the Nationalists' capture of Malaga – his nickname 'the butcher of Malaga' derives from this period. Even so, Suarez's ideology is rooted in the war and recently he beat Franco's playboy son-in-law, the Marquis of Villaverde, in the election for a vacancy in the ruling body of the Movement.

Suarez says he accepts the necessity of a left-wing opposition. The opposition is fed up with being told that it is needed while being clobbered for meeting, fined without trial, imprisoned and maltreated by the police. The same day that Suarez was chosen by the Council of the Realm as one of the three candidates, the police broke up an act of homage to a fascist turned social democrat. Opposition leaders gathered in Madrid's Eurobuilding with government permission to commemorate the first anniversary of the death of Dionisio Ridruejo, the Falangist poet who became a social democrat. Suddenly an official from the Interior Ministry arrived to say the meeting was now banned. Ridruejo's crime was to have deserted the Francoist cause and he was persecuted for his betrayal, dying penniless even though he wrote the Falangist hymn *Face to the Sun*. Not even his memory could be venerated and the meeting was given five minutes to disperse.

This is the climate in which Suarez takes over. More people have been charged with political offences in the first six months of this year than in the same period last year. People like Francisco Romero Marin, a member of the Communist Party's executive committee, have been in Madrid's Carabanchel prison awaiting trial since April 1974. Others like Luis Lucio Lobato have spent 24 years in prison for illegal association. And an amnesty is nowhere in sight. Suarez's nomination is a victory for the 'reformists' of the Right, rather than the hard-line 'bunker'. But the difference between Suarez's idea of reform and the opposition's is the difference between Francoism with a facelift and democracy as we know it.

Madrid

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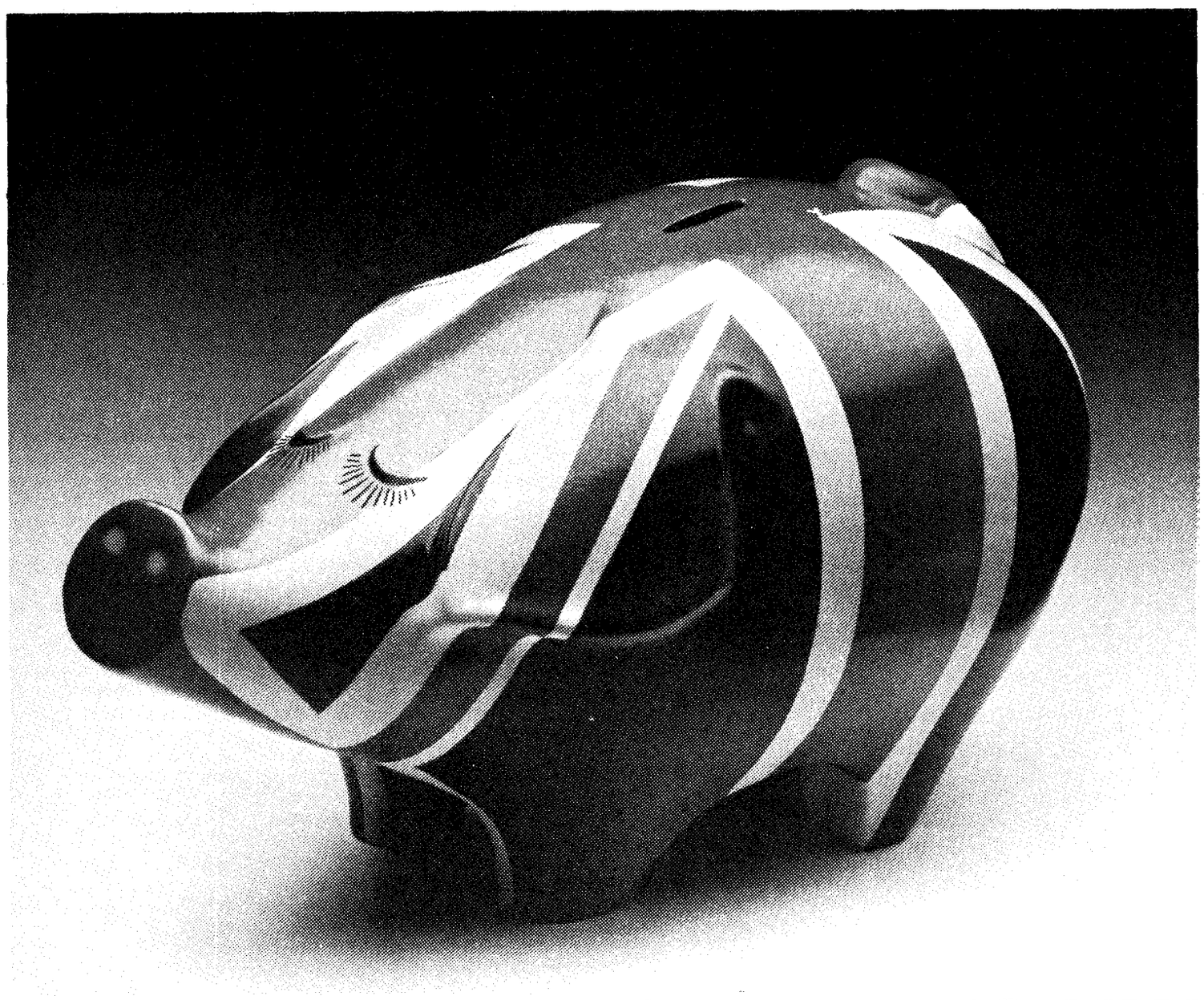

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Michael David

The Czechs Look to Italy

The growing influence and respectability of the Italian Communist Party may have unforeseen consequences in Eastern Europe, particularly in Czechoslovakia, where an alternative to the official CP has grown up, known as the 'Party of the Expelled'. It consists of many of those who in 1968 openly welcomed the policies of the Prague Spring; and it looks towards the Western communist parties for its justification. Life has become increasingly difficult for Western communists in Czechoslovakia itself; indeed, contact with any Western CP is suspect. A Greek was recently arrested for informing the Greek CP about conditions in the country, and eight Italians, who had for many years worked for the Czech external radio services, were sacked. Their crime had been a refusal to inform the authorities of their contacts with the West – that is to say, contacts with the Italian CP. Seven of them have been deported.

The case was taken up in a letter published in *Unità*, the Italian communist daily, a few days before the election. The signatories of the letter (who included Smirkovsky's widow, the former Foreign Minister Jiri Hajek and Dubcek's former deputy Venek Silhan) argued that these sackings were really aimed at the Italian Communist Party; they were an extension of the persecution of hundreds and thousands of communists, socialists and democrats. The dissident Czechs see themselves as sharing the purpose of the broad movement of European communism. It may become increasingly embarrassing for the Soviet Union to hail the support given by the Italian electorate to people who, if they were in Czechoslovakia, would certainly be locked up.

For it was Dr Husák's task eight years ago, after the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, to convince his people that 'socialism with a human face' was an error fraught with danger. In the recent Berlin conference of European communist parties the gap between the hard-line thinking represented by the Czechs and the reformist ideas of the Italians and Spanish was bridgeable only by words which both sides tend to interpret differently. The Czech press was unable to give a full coverage of the proceedings, since talk of a national road to socialism would make mockery of the invasion and its justifications. Husák's main problem at the moment is to give an impression of unity and strength at home and abroad.

Abroad, he has not done too badly. The image of social and economic progress projected by Husák at the 15th party congress this year has been cautiously accepted. The *Guardian*, for instance, reported that the Czech economy had grown by more than one third over the last five years and that food production had risen by a quarter. The Czechs had got richer too: personal incomes had risen by 25 per cent during the same period. Nor had political developments been neglected. Mr Chnoupek, Czechoslovakia's 'affable' Foreign Minister, was concerned to implement the Helsinki agreements. The dissidence was said to be confined to intellectuals who, 'insofar as they still exist at all', were said to be lying very low. In short, Czechoslovakia was a relatively prosperous and contented nation, and the regime could justifiably consider that the 'errors' of 1968 had been normalised.

This picture of progress is belied by both official and non-governmental sources. Even if the overall growth of the economy is as reported, there are some disturbing aspects. It is officially admitted that Czechoslovakia's share of the world's exports of sophisticated industrial products (a traditional Czech activity) had declined sharply in the last two years. The same drop has been seen in the country's exports within Comecon – a serious matter, since Czechoslovakia and East Germany are supposed to be the industrial powerhouses of the 'Socialist Commonwealth'. Increasingly, the deficiency is being made up by exports of raw materials and semi-finished goods. These are not great money-earners, and it is difficult to see how the Czechs could have financed their economic growth from their own resources.

Low morale, low productivity and a lack of what Prime Minister Strougal calls 'labour discipline' are prevalent throughout Czech industry. Pilfering of materials for use in the unofficial service sector and in the construction of weekend cottages has become widespread. Bribery and corruption are a way of life. The range of salaries is wide – much wider than the 1,000 to 4,000 crowns a month mentioned in the *Guardian*. The director of Czech television, for instance, earns at least 10,000 crowns a month, and also has a call on a massive entertainment fund from which he spent over 100,000 crowns last year. If this is typical of senior officials, and granted that the average monthly wage is 2,300 crowns, many people must be earning less than the average. No wonder then that the party sometimes refers euphemistically to the practice of 'tipping'. Tipping is not merely a question of American cigarettes on the sly – it is an institutionalised system of cash bribes, which secure services that the state cannot and will not provide.

Everyday life in Czechoslovakia constantly exhibits the contrast between official optimism and private cynicism. Prague was certainly awash with flags on May Day, not as a result of spontaneous feeling but because of the strenuous efforts by local and block committees for weeks beforehand. Everybody was forced to display Czech and Soviet flags from their windows according to a pre-arranged design, under threat of unpleasant consequences for 'spoiling the appearance' of each block of flats. The display demonstrated the Government's determination to enforce conformity on an antagonistic population; it was intended as an illustration of the futility of opposition. But the remarkable thing is that there still is independent thought, the *samizdat* flourishes and a loosely organised dissident movement exists.

Party leaders are acutely aware of this, and show a continual nervousness and overreaction. At the time of the 15th party congress trains in which the delegates travelled to Prague were searched, departure times were kept secret and the railway staff underwent security checks. The delegates' food was checked for poison, the congress hall for bombs. Taxi-drivers had to surrender their short-wave radios, in case these were used by the 'enemy'. The party militia was put on the alert. All approach roads and surrounding districts were controlled by the police. And yet the security services were still unable to isolate the delegates from reality. The socialist opposition ensured that every delegate received a copy of a lengthy and well-documented letter from relatives of the five most prominent political prisoners in the country, describing the illegal treatment to which these men, all of them communists or socialists, are exposed.

There are now more people under surveillance or taken in for interrogation in Czechoslovakia than at any time since the invasion. Those who are arrested for subversion – which covers anything from objecting in public (more than two persons) to governmental misdemeanours to publicising conditions through *samizdat* – are subject to sensory deprivation, isolation, degrading treatment and bad food. This treatment is designed to secure their public recantation or, failing that, to ensure that they will be in no condition to resume their activities once they are released.

But even recantation is not necessarily enough. The party has been loth to readmit the 500,000 members purged in 1969 and 1970. When the party committee of the Prague School of Economics recently submitted to the authorities a list of those former colleagues whom they considered worthy of readmission, the list was returned to them with a sharp rebuke. Those who recant will have their cases dealt with on individual merit, but are likely to be allowed to rejoin the party, and thus get back their jobs.

Although the Czech constitution guarantees the right to work, that right can be negated by political heresy. So, although it is true that there is no unemployment as a result of the economic recession, there are many people who are still out of work because of their past errors. What jobs they find are badly paid and quite inappropriate to their qualifications. They may be abruptly sacked if it is felt that they constitute an ideological threat to their workmates. The case of a former journalist who was refused a job as a cleaner, even though the firm in question had tried for seven months to fill the vacancy, is typical.

In addition to the opposition it faces from the generation of the Prague Spring, the regime has also to face the hostility or indifference of those who were just starting school in 1968. In April this year, thousands of schoolchildren had their identity papers

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checked and 2,000 were called in for the questioning by the authorities. The reason was that the children had defaced their documents as a protest against the party congress. Six hundred schoolchildren were expelled from school for this crime. Others, who were young workers, could not be expelled, and so their parents were heavily fined.

To the Husák regime, those who speak out on behalf of the Party of the Expelled are rightists, counter-revolutionaries and revisionists. But those who are involved in the dissident movement consider themselves socialists: they write, in the letter to *Unità*, of 'the struggle for a socialist society which would end inequality, privilege and injustice, and in which all forms of exploitation, oppression and political discrimination would be suppressed . . .' Rightly or wrongly, they look to the communists of Italy, France and Spain for their allies. Berlinguer's success may have caused some consternation in the West. In the East, too, his growing strength has given reason for concern.

Tom Critchley*

They Order It Better in Holland

For the Select Committee on Race Relations and Immigration, opportunities to travel abroad offer an enviable break from the rather dreary sessions in committee, and in preparing last year's report they visited Holland. Predictably, they recommended a more detailed study of the Dutch way of resettling refugees. Had we, perhaps, something to learn from them?

Quietly, without fuss or publicity, Holland has absorbed upwards of half a million refugees in recent years. The bulk fled from Indonesia (400,000), Molluca (30,000), and Surinam (130,000) as these countries gained independence; and small numbers also arrived from Uganda and Chile. In relation to the country's population of 13 millions the influx has been proportionately rather greater than we have experienced in Britain, and on present showing the Dutch resettlement programme seems likely to be a good deal more successful. The refugees from Indonesia have already been largely resettled, and they have dispersed throughout Holland. Save for last year's apparently isolated drama of the hijacked train, the Mollucans, too, have been well absorbed. The final wave, the 130,000 from Surinam, arrived during the past two years. It is for these – four times the number of Asians expelled from Uganda in 1972, to be resettled by a nation one quarter our size – that the present programme has been drawn up.

Fundamental to this programme is a complete acceptance by the Dutch Government of central responsibility for the resettlement operation – there is no buck-passing to local authorities. Under the Minister for Cultural Affairs, Recreation and Social Welfare a central bureau has been set up in The Hague. Its director, Mr J. Breddels, is one of those civil servants, rare in any country, who combine great intellectual capacity, drive and enthusiasm with a ready sympathy for his 'clients'. Newly arriving refugees are invited to register with the bureau, and from that point on the bureau takes over full responsibility for their resettlement. Their first brief stop is at a central resettlement centre at Baarn, near Hilversum. This is a beautifully maintained country house (ironically, its first owner was an Indonesian colonist) set in splendid grounds, where the atmosphere is friendly. From here the refugees are dispersed among 95 regional centres, and it is from these that the process of resettlement really starts.

The ideal is to provide every family with a house, a job for the bread-winner, suitable education for the children, and social support during the early years. Often the ideal cannot be realised, because of the current high rate of unemployment in Holland. First priority therefore goes to housing, and the Dutch local authorities, blandished by the Government, have agreed to allocate 5 per cent of all new housing to refugee families – a total of about 2,000 houses a year. Families are free to pick and choose among offers, but the general aim is as great a dispersal throughout Holland as possible. And as an inducement to prospective employers, the Government offers a subsidy of 30 per cent of a man's wages during the first year's employment.

Voluntary effort plays a big part in resettlement. The concept of the voluntary 'foundation' is an old and flexible one in Holland. Traditionally, foundations are bodies set up under charitable or religious auspices to meet community needs as they arise, and socially concerned people quickly responded to the needs of the refugees by setting up numerous foundations to meet them. They have three main purposes: to lobby on behalf of refugees; to establish community centres, day nurseries and the like; and to do social case work. For this last purpose the foundations employ professional social workers (as many as possible are recruited from among the refugees themselves) at a ratio of one paid worker to every 600-650 people. In Amsterdam alone, for example, there are six such foundations employing a total of 150 full-time social workers.

In this fusion of voluntary and bureaucratic effort there are obvious similarities to the arrangements made in Britain when the refugees arrived from Uganda in 1972. The Dutch central bureau had its counterpart in the Uganda Resettlement Board, and some of the work of the Dutch foundations was carried out by a large number of voluntary bodies under a central coordinating committee. But these superficial similarities ought not to be allowed to conceal an important difference. Crucial to the success of the Dutch enterprise is that the central Government, having accepted full responsibility for resettlement, bears the whole cost. Thus the foundations receive (through local authorities) 100-per-cent grants.

Generosity on this scale unlocks the doors to much valuable local initiative that in this country depended more on national exhortation and individual goodwill – always on a very tight budget. On the other hand it is undoubtedly true that far greater numbers of ordinary people were involved in the British operation than the Dutch: the WRVS and the churches, for example, between them mobilised many thousands of voluntary helpers whose opposite numbers would be hard to find in Holland. With a characteristically national sort of dedicated amateurism they provided something of the early support in the community that the Dutch foundations are able to supply professionally.

This combination of voluntary and bureaucratic effort is not the whole extent of the Dutch Government's direct intervention in the task of resettling the refugees in the shortest possible time. A central budget has been allocated for special projects to meet particular needs. One of these is a hostel at Berkenhoven, about 20 miles from Amsterdam. This can accommodate up to 30 young people who, typically, would have been drifting homeless in Amsterdam. The scheme is experimental, and is at present being monitored; but early results suggest that even an investment so labour-intensive and costly (at £200,000 a year) as this may have only limited success in reaching the groups of young, homeless black youths who in urban Holland, as in this country, are presenting severe social problems.

For, as in England, it is to the large cities – Rotterdam, Amsterdam and The Hague – that refugees and immigrants are drawn, and the greatest magnet of all is Amsterdam, where there are estimated to be about 4,000 young blacks euphemistically described as 'at risk'. Here, too, is an example of squatting that must surely qualify for a place in the *Guinness Book of Records*: in the Bijlmermeer district, six miles from the centre of Amsterdam, nine-tenths of a vast modern block of flats has been squatted by nearly 5,000 refugees from Surinam. At first they lived in squalor – lifts were broken, lavatories were misused or unused and graffiti appeared everywhere. Then, even though the squat was illegal, the local social services department stepped in to provide facilities for children and mothers, the local housing department set about the work of rehabilitating the whole block, and voluntary foundations sprang up to meet the needs of the old, the handicapped, and other social casualties – *all working with 100-per-cent grants from the Government.* So now a new community is settling down.

Holland has its problems, and nobody knows what will happen to the 5,000 squatters of Bijlmermeer, but their story well illustrates the attitude that seems bound to guarantee the eventual success of the Dutch resettlement operation. All parties in Hol-

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land are united in accepting a full political commitment to resettle the refugees, and public opinion is universally sympathetic towards them. Thus the Government is able to will all the resources it needs. A special annual budget of 100 million guilders has been voted – about £20m.; and from this £14m. goes to the bureau, £4m in grants to foundations, and £2m. to special projects such as the hostel at Berkenhoven.

How long will resettlement take? Judged by earlier experience, and given a fall in the rate of unemployment, it looks as though two or three years of intensive effort should see the bulk of the Surinamese resettled – in the full sense of having jobs, houses, schools for their children, and adequate social support during their early years in a fresh community. If that forecast is right, the Dutch will have set the world an enviable example.

William Hall

Wages Councils and the Low-Paid

'What the hell can Wages Councils do about pay? You want the work so you don't complain.' The work is washing up, a job that Norman has done for over ten years. Although it is casual work, it is highly competitive. Each morning about 300 men and women gather outside a government employment exchange in the West End of London, and queue for such work. On average, two thirds of them come away empty-handed. For the rest, there's the prospect of working, in a number of cases, for less than 50p an hour. Such a rate could be as much as 20p an hour below the legal minimum determined by the Wages Councils.

By six o'clock in the morning, Norman has joined the queue at the Mortimer Street exchange. A large crowd of people cluster around the building. The West End, bereft of tourists, is otherwise deserted, save for the Horse Guards jangling past the denim palaces of Oxford Street. Some of those queuing have been there all night. A man in a grey checked jacket several sizes too big sweeps up cardboard and newspaper left by the 'dampers' – men who aren't allowed in hostels because they wet their beds. The police don't move them on; the password 'casual labour' secures immunity. When the doors of the Exchange open, the queue contracts in a spasm of pushing and fighting. Each is given a number. Then they wait until half-past-eight when the requests for casual workers start coming in. One or two make off for Tesco's down the road: it's already open and sells cider.

Most casual work lasts between one and three days. Norman's best job lasted longer, at a naval officers' club: 'Real gentlemen, bacon and eggs for breakfast, and a nice room I shared with three others.' But work at some of the small London restaurants is not always as comfortable. 'The owners are not daft. They know you're not in a trade union, and that there are lots more where you come from.' So some, through either ignorance or guile, pay below the minimum set by the Wages Councils. Over the past week, for example, Norman has spent two days washing up for 40p an hour – a job he was given after queuing at the Employment Exchange in Mortimer Street. He doesn't complain openly, he just moves elsewhere: 'I know there's a minimum. But I don't know what it is, or how I'd find out about it.' Another difficulty, he maintains, is posed by the nature of the casual workers themselves. 'Some of them have problems, either drinking or gambling. So they'll take any money.'

This particular morning, Norman was well down the queue. He had overslept in a nearby doorway. 'It looks like a hand-out today,' he said, 'and probably a trip to an art gallery to pass the time.' He doesn't like the Tate – 'full of crap' – but likes the Dutch paintings in the National Gallery – 'real craftsmanship'. As he left, he commented: 'People have written about us before. But they've never come to any conclusion and said "Abolish the System".' His solution, unlike the present Wages Council's minima, is clear and simple: a fixed and universal rate of about 80p an hour.

Norman's more than occasional predicament is not unique. The Low Pay Unit estimate that each year 'thousands of employers pay below the statutory minimum and remain undetected'. In 1974 such employers underpaid their workers by about £2½m. And this, as the Labour MP Mr Bruce George was told in a recent written reply from the Department of Employment, at a time when the number of inspectors policing and enforcing the Wages Councils minima has actually dropped.

However, that is not to cast a wages inspector in the role of fairy godmother. The problem is more complex than that. Two years ago, for example, Mrs Fowler worked at home in an East Midlands town, handfinishing garments. She was paid just over £10 for a 60-hour week. Put another way, it meant that for every hour that she worked she was paid 22½p below the statutory minimum. Mrs Fowler was visited by a wages inspector who timed her at work. It took him six months to finish his investigation after which the management decided to pay the legal rate. Unfortunately for Mrs Fowler, the management also found a way of doing most of her job in the factory. As a result, she was given work only every two or three months.

Mr Penrose is paid just above the Wages Councils minimum for his job. A happy state, you might think, but Mrs Penrose would disagree: 'I've had to become an expert on making a pound of sausages go a long way.' Her husband George works in a furniture store in Exeter, and each week takes home just over £24. Of that, bus fares, rent and rates take care of £10 and electricity another four. That leaves them with £10 each week with which to provide all their other needs. Said Mrs Penrose: 'I'm a great believer in "the Lord provides" – but when the bus fares went up by 12½ per cent, I was at my wits' end.' Already, she makes two lists before going out shopping. One is for essentials and the other for non-essentials. The cooking hints she hears on the radio, she says, have been part of her life for years.

It is not that the Penroses go without the necessities of life: rather that the frills, however small, are not there. Mrs Penrose last bought a new dress three years ago for her son's wedding; 'and even then I shouldn't have done it'. For Christmas and birthday, she always asks for stockings or other such useful items. They can't remember when they last went on holiday. Their only treat recently was on their 31st wedding anniversary when they decided to take a day-long coach trip to the coast. It was later cancelled as nobody else wanted to go.

Today, Mr and Mrs Penrose feel much poorer than they did five years ago. 'And,' as they put it, 'we are both so tired of hearing what others are getting – £6 extra and all that.' Last month George was given a £2-a-week rise, the first increase for about three years. No union has ever ventured into his shop, and anyway he doubts whether anyone would join if it did: 'Our religion, politics and wages are very private. We've never been public folk.' Even so, neither of them can understand why the minimum rate for George's job is set so low: 'We always thought it was a bit of a racket. But now we wonder whether the people who set the rates have any conscience. How do their minds work?' It took Mrs Penrose ten weeks, and outside advice, before she finally decided to write to the wages inspectorate. Indeed, she would never have written at all if she hadn't heard a programme on the radio about the low-paid. She still hasn't had a full reply. She also sent a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, asking 'if his wife could manage on George's wages'. The stamped addressed envelope with his answer has not yet arrived.

George Penrose retires in 12 months' time. It's not a prospect either of them dreads. Quite the contrary, they maintain they'll be no worse off living on a pension. 'It's awful having to wish your life away,' said Mrs Penrose, 'But that's all we can do. I wonder what those people on the Wages Councils would think of that?'

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London Diary

☐ I learn of moves, among senior Tory lawyers, to have hijacking of aircraft formally declared exactly comparable with piracy: there is indeed no logical reason why piracy by air, or of an air-going vessel, should differ from piracy by sea or of a sea-going vessel. But the implication of this is clear: the capital punishment which we abolished in 1965 was, explicitly, capital punishment *for murder*. Piracy, like treason, can still be subject to the death penalty. (Many people thought, perhaps hoped, that the solitary gallows remaining in London was being reserved for Ian Smith.) Almost everyone I have met greeted the news of the Israeli 'commando' raid on Entebbe airport with admiring pleasure. It must have been brilliantly planned; and if it meant a net saving of lives it may well have been, humanly, justified. One of those Tory lawyers – a highly eminent one – said to me: 'When I heard the news on the radio, I was so excited I nearly fell out of bed!' But almost always, when there is a general burst of press and political exultation, the still small voice that says 'No', or 'Wait a minute' is also worth listening to. Britons in Uganda did not echo the 'elation' of President Ford, whose main consideration is votes.

☐ Meanwhile, the Queen has sent a message to the President of Angola appealing for clemency for the British mercenaries under sentence of death. She has presumably done this on the advice of Tony Crosland, the Foreign Secretary, who has been accompanying her on her visit to America. It is, I think, an unusual step: if she took it of her own volition, interesting possibilities are opened up. In domestic matters, the royal 'prerogative of mercy' is never exercised except on the advice of the Home Secretary, and it is difficult enough to get him to advise it. I do not want anyone judicially put to death anywhere, not even 'Colonel Callan'; but ex-imperial governments and personages should be careful not to seem to be intervening in the internal affairs of African nations.

☐ Apart from Hong Kong, Britain's principal remaining colony is Ulster. (That, in effect, is what 'direct rule' from Westminster means.) Last weekend the British-Irish Association held a conference at Oxford, a condition of attendance being that nothing was to be published indicating who was there or who said what. This made for valuable candour by representatives of all the interests involved, including the Republic. The contrast between those who were optimistic about the situation and those who were pessimistic was even sharper than the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics – of whom one speaker said that Protestants are not primarily Protestant but primarily anti-Catholic, and *vice versa*. Another speaker – pessimistic or optimistic? – said 'Malaya took 14 years to settle: Ulster has taken only seven so far'. Merlyn Rees had said on Friday in the House of Commons that there was some improvement in the rate of recruitment of Catholics to the RUC; a participant in the conference said: 'Any Catholic who joins the RUC is asking to be shot through the head.' Some emphasised the war-weariness of ordinary people, saying: 'I am tired of going to funerals.' There was some emphasis on shared schools, as providing a hope that children at least may learn to know their neighbours.

☐ The most optimistic speaker was a Roman Catholic from the Republic. He said: 'One of the minor lunacies of Irish history was the idea that nobody in the South could ever talk to the Unionist majority in the North . . . The idea that the mass of the Irish people can *conquer* the Protestant majority in Northern Ireland is one of the major lunacies of Irish politics.' He also supported the 'British presence' as making for 'stability'. There was much talk of 'the lost generation' of 15- to 18-year-olds who have 'learned to live by the gun'. No solution emerged clearly from the days of formal discussion and even more useful informal talking over drinks. One formula which seemed to have some appeal (but is it an evasion?) was 'Not a united Ireland but an *agreed* Ireland'. One speech made the audience sit up because it began: 'There is no solution because there is no problem.' He meant that the sufferings of Ulster were relatively slight compared with the vast horrors of earthquake-devastated Guatemala, where he said the ruin was worse than Hiroshima, or the extreme poverty of Bangladesh, where a married couple 'have to have ten children if they want three, since seven will die'.

☐ One issue raised was the application to Ulster of United Kingdom laws – on abortion, divorce, homosexuality – which aren't at present in force there. ('That is what direct rule means.') A fairly general opinion seemed to be that the slight English alleviation of the law on homosexual offences *might* be accepted, since even the existing English situation – especially the age of consent (21) – is so manifestly ridiculous (on this see Mary Holland's excellent article in the NS of 11 June); but that abortion and perhaps divorce would be impossibly controversial, tending even to unite Protestants and Catholics against the British Government. Almost all Roman Catholics seem unaware of their own theology on abortion, according to which the 'mediate animation' theory is, or was till very recently, as legitimate as the 'immediate animation' theory – the latter meaning the more usual belief that valid, identifiable human life begins at the moment of conception, the former meaning that it begins some months later.

☐ On Sunday morning the programme included an 'ecumenical service'. This was conducted by a Roman Catholic priest and attended by a couple of dozen of the several hundred participants – looking, someone remarked, thoroughly Anglican or Protestant, in formal clothes. Most of the others, it seemed, had stayed up very late the night before or didn't want to risk missing breakfast.

☐ People have been commemorating the General Strike of 1926. Alan Taylor has recalled how he and I went from Oxford to King Street to ask for instructions: he omitted to add that an already veteran communist, Bob Stewart, handed me a pile of workers' bulletins to deliver and that, when I began to do so, I was detained for questioning, kept for some hours in a cell at Bow Street, interrogated at the Yard, and followed home by the police. The best reminder of what the strike was like is an exhibition in the former Flower Market at Covent Garden: splendid old union banners, a real pit-shaft cage from Derbyshire, blow-ups of cartoons from the *New Leader*, the *Sunday Worker* and the *Star* (by David Low), and an unfunny drawing with a long caption from *Punch*. The show was haunted when I saw it by survivors of the strike: one, aged 77, had started work as a lad in a North Staffordshire pit for 2s 2½d a day, moved for ½d a day more to another pit where 'you had to work up to your knees in bloody water', and the butty said 'every ounce of your blood belongs to me'.

☐ Stung by recent proclamations by the advertising profession of its own almost Buchmanite absolute honesty and absolute purity, supercritic Raymond Mortimer wrote to complain that the claim of one brand of beer, that 'it refreshes the parts other beers cannot reach', was untrue. After some delay, a reply came. This, they said, was 'hyperbole' – always permissible in advertising. Not so, says Mortimer: 'If you say that you walk twice as fast as I can, that's hyperbole; if you say that you can walk but I can't walk at all, that's a plain lie.' I am reminded of an unsuccessful tussle that I had, 20 years ago, with the Scottish casuist who zealously watched television commercials on behalf of the then ITA. I asked him about a soap for which it was declared: 'You'll be a little lovelier each day with fabulous pink Camay.' The function of soap, I argued, was to clean not to beautify some poor plain girl. Not at all, reported the expert, 'Girls who wash every day *are* lovelier than girls who don't wash.'

Tom Driberg

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A caretaker halted a concert last night – in the middle of a Beethoven septet. The caretaker walked into the concert at Leeds Art Gallery, given by the City of Leeds College of Music, and announced: 'Right, it's 9.15, that's it, you can all go home.' – *Yorkshire Post* (E. Green)

☐ It is a fact of political and social life that one very rarely meets an unpleasant hereditary peer . . . the hereditary peer is already quite at home and invariably treats everyone, whether high or low, with perfect courtesy. – John Stokes MP in *Hansard* (Gerald Kaufman)

☐ The family often take a box at the Coliseum. It is cheaper than three good stalls and we can smuggle a picnic to eat in the interval. Since the bomb scares, however, having to open up the hamper to the security people has sometimes been a bit embarrassing. – *Sunday Telegraph* (M. G. Scott)

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Alexander Richard

Nothing to Lose But Their Veils

The two teenage girls skipped up to the *mutawwa* and, lifting their veils from their mouths, stuck out their tongues. Too astonished to raise his stick, he merely glowered. To have indecently provoked this bearded old religious policeman some years ago would have meant a lashing for a maiden in Saudi Arabia. But modern Saudi girls carry Simone de Beauvoir beneath their clumsy body wraps and the *mutawwas* are no longer feared when they march around Riyadh and Jeddah calling for the shops to close at prayer-time.

You scarcely see women in Riyadh's streets and when you do they are veiled and utterly apart. You never see their faces. You never speak to them. Most jobs are forbidden to women and they may not drive. If four witnesses can pin adultery on a woman, she is crushed to death with stones from a Mercedes truck. Men can still take four wives and divorce at will, for Saudi law is based upon a strict interpretation of the Koran. But although the Saudis are unwilling to compromise with the puritan ideals of Wahhabi Islam, the role of women is discreetly changing.

Despite the late King Faisal's devotion to Islam, he was an astute reformer. His encouragement of women's education, which didn't formally exist ten years ago, was based partly on the influence of his beloved wife, Iffat, and partly on pragmatism.

To carry out its ambitious development plan Saudi Arabia desperately needs manpower. One of the solutions has been to forbid birth control and to offer financial incentives to women who bear children; the other is to draw women into the labour market. Faisal set up schools for girls but had to bring out the army when the first one was opened, so great were the protests of the conservatives.

Last year 210,000 girls attended classes and under the current second five-year plan, 1,000 women will attend college. Although conservative Muslims have fought against these seeds of emancipation, the influence of the liberal Faisal has been greater. As Crown Prince he set up Sympathy House, initially for his daughters. The school soon became a symbol of liberalism in taking in orphans who studied alongside the royal princesses in complete equality. The paradox about Saudi Arabia today is that, despite its image of capitalist wealth, a democracy rooted in the Bedouin tribal system continues to exist. Orphans, for example, are treated with respect among the *bedu* and the sheikh is a wise arbiter rather than a ruler.

Saudi women are not yet allowed jobs in industry and government but are accepted as doctors, teachers, nurses and social workers, for these are occupations that do not entail contact with men. They have also recently been allowed to work as TV and radio announcers on the same principle. The restriction on contact between the sexes can lead to ludicrous situations. Male university teachers lecture to girls through closed-circuit television. A Saudi girl told me: 'We get very frivolous when men teach us. We make faces at them, knowing they can't see us. Some girls pick up the telephone receivers on their desks and ask very naughty questions.'

To the Westerner the black cowled figures of Saudi women give the impression of subjugation and lifelessness. But those who have met them in the elegant drawing rooms of Jeddah are amazed to discover sophisticated women dressed in Levis and Biba tee-shirts. Saudi girls enter the plane at Heathrow dressed in the height of fashion. But when the announcement 'We are now approaching Jeddah Airport' crackles through the loudspeaker, the pretty figures go one by one to the Ladies and re-emerge shrouded in their black robes and veils.

Saudi girls studying in the West admit that the cultural dichotomy can be unbearable. They are astonished, sometimes fascinated, by the sexy films and advertisements of semi-naked bodies on the Tube. But they dance the latest dances at discothèques, bathe in tiny bikinis and read amorous novels. A Saudi girl at a language school told me: 'How can I go back to Jeddah now? All I'll do there is to stay at home waiting for a husband to turn up. When we go back with Western ideas on women's lib the men think we are sluts. They only want us for bed and the kitchen sink. I don't understand what women here protest for. They seem to have everything they want.'

Some Saudi girls hope to marry Europeans in their quest for freedom but few turn their backs totally on their past. One who had lived in Britain for a year, and had read Germaine Greer, summed up their predicament: 'Although I believe women should be allowed more freedom in Saudi Arabia, I think that our attitude to relationships is much more idealistic than yours.' She went out with men and loved dancing, yet she continued to pray five times a day and had established the direction of Mecca in her room from the local London mosque. 'I could never cease believing in God. In the West you don't seem to believe in anything but money and pleasure.'

Western life would not change her attitude to marriage. 'I believe that a woman should be a virgin when she marries and respect her husband. Sex is a private affair. When I watched *Last Tango in Paris*, I just couldn't believe my eyes. Sex should be something clean between one man and one woman, in private.' She was certain that she spoke for most Saudi women who want to retain the values of Islam while acquiring the Western woman's freedom to choose her husband and not have her personal life subjected to the law. The stress on virginity among Saudi girls is deep-rooted and many who work or study in the West are terrified of losing it. Like most Muslim women, they have been brought up not even to ride horses or bicycles. When asked how her future husband will know if she is a virgin, a Saudi girl will say: 'He'll know. They always know.'

Educated Saudi women are beginning to look with envy at other Arab countries where women's movements exist and from where Saudi Arabia draws much of its manpower. It takes ten minutes to fly from Saudi's Eastern Provinces to Bahrain, where Bahraini women, in Western dress, work in all sectors of the community. In revolutionary South Yemen, with whom the Saudis have recently patched up relations, women burned their veils in heaps on Independence Day, singing: 'Oh women, burn your Shaythar, carry a gun, open your book, attend literary classes, learn to read.'

New-found wealth has led to an increasing exchange of peoples and ideas in the Arab world. Saudi Arabia is still the most conservative of Arab countries but many Saudis, suddenly exposed to Western and pan-Arab influences, are beginning to realise that no country can go forward and leave its women behind.

Roger Woddis

Oh, Mate!

A world conference on the breeding of endangered species started in London this week.

From Whipsnade, Regent's Park and
San Diego,
From Frankfurt, Basle and
Washington, DC
They're meeting to discuss the age-
old problem:
How to ensure that He embraces She?
Some species are extinct or disappearing;
A few are saved by living in a zoo,
But creatures bored by ineffectual mating
Are disinclined to enter two by two.

More than the Indian rhino now
is threatened,
Our two-toed sloths have never been
so slow;
Both types of miner-bird are
worth preserving,
The Red-billed Scargill and the
Jumping Joe.
August may see our first zoo-bred gorilla:
Lonie is pregnant (it was love, not rape).
August may also see the end of summer
And certain politicians going ape.

In London, where the beasts have
brief encounters,
The courtship dance is rarely cheek
to cheek;
The pandas only meet on
Tuesday mornings,
And even then they hardly ever speak.
Among the lesser breeds of
Commons Warbler
Pairing, alas, is virtually unknown,
While high above the heads of
simple humans
The Greater Crested Pardoe flies alone.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Roll Out the Barrel

I much enjoy a really mind-boggling piece of statistical information. Was I told it, or did I read or dream it, that there is enough ground space for every human being alive today to be able to stand, if in rather restricted comfort, upon the Isle of Wight? Just imagine the queues for the Ventnor 'toilets' and the linguistic confusions in Woolworth's, while the Island itself gently subsides into the Solent. Then the Hoover dam in America, the telly informs me, holds back sufficient water for each individual in the world to have a 1,400-gallon share (if this is so, kindly send mine along immediately). And I shyly put forward my own sad statistic, which is that the number of sound decibels made by the chugging of summer traffic on the dreaded Exeter by-pass is rather fewer than the sum total of those caused by the loud thudding of solid British plimsolls sportingly losing ('Oh, I say, good shot!') at Wimbledon.

I had hoped, on approaching, somewhat gingerly, the late Paul Getty's illustrated autobiography, *As I See It*, published next Monday by W. H. Allen at £6.00, to be dazzled with oil and petroleum statistics to use as dinner-table conversation-stoppers, and I was in no way disappointed. The book bulges with hard facts straight from the well-heads. Like his rich father before him, Getty had a sort of built-in oil-diviner. He could sense the delightful stuff squelching away deep down between his boots. Who would not rejoice to find liquid money pouring out of a hole in the ground at the rate of 15,000 barrels a day?

Well, rejoicing is not perhaps the first activity one thinks of in this connection. That unhappy face, at almost all its stages, tells all.

> The life you lead sets all your nerves a-jangle,
> Your love affairs are in a hopeless tangle.

sang the incomparable Delysia to an appropriately muted Hermione Baddeley in Cochran's revue, *On With The Dance*, and although Noël Coward's song was directed at a girl, the same conditions often apply to poor little rich guys. Hopeless tangle hardly describes Getty's marital forays. In fairly rapid succession, five hopeful ladies tip-toed to join him at the altar, smiling heroically and confident of only one thing. There would be enough house-keeping money. They probably sensed that the venture was doomed from the start. There's really nothing a lady can do, basically, if her charms don't measure up in attraction to a busy day at the well-head and more and more barrels of lovely oily oil. And charming indeed the girls were. There were, in order of collapse, Jeanette Demont ('vibrant and magnetic'), Allene Ashby ('she excelled as an equestrienne'), Adolphine Helmle ('she radiated vitality and vivacity'), Ann Rork ('a lovely brunette') and Louise Lynch ('a Society chanteuse'). But alas, ride, sing, magnetise and vibrate as they may, they just couldn't lick those gushers. There were children, here and there, and it says much for the whole lot of them, and Getty himself, that they all managed to remain friends. And he adds something that has the ring of truth about it: 'Women tend to stick longer to failure than to success.'

But now to the main nub of the affair, the cash. 'My wealth is not a subject I relish discussing.' He does, however. By the age of 24, a dollar millionaire. By the age of 80, 'certainly above a billion dollars'.

The rich and famous tend to have as friends only the rich and famous, then nobody gets out of his depth and becomes tiresome, and the text is peppered throughout with names, some of which make one thoughtful. There are Aly Khan, Thyssen, and the Woolworth heiress, Barbara Hutton (when she married Cary Grant, they were known as 'Cash and Cary'). There is, of course, Onassis (that yacht, the *Christina*, cost £180,000 a year to run). The Duke of Windsor (it was, far from unacceptably, 'David' and 'Paul'), Randolph Churchill, Garbo, Lord Thomson and Youssoupoff all pop up. There was enormous entertaining at Sutton Place, once owned by Lord Northcliffe. There were additional houses all over the place, and a suite at the Ritz.

One can but admire his application and astuteness and there is something very agreeable about him. The longing to be liked (a condition not unknown in Americans), the love of small children, the generosity, the politeness, the ability to laugh at himself. He does not, unfortunately write very well. The sentences lack zing and he is apt to sound off on unprofitable subjects – civil servants, crime, governments, taxes, sex, socialism, and the American postal service (it loses, I am astounded to learn, even more than our own once did). The fondness for England – he did two terms of PPE at Magdalen College, Oxford – and the snobbery are touching. His money has employed, and happily, thousands of people. The Getty art museum is there for posterity to enjoy.

The secret of the success was due as much to personal supervision as to anything. When the Middle East was being opened up, he prudently mugged up Arabic in order to chat with King Saud and swiftly get down to brass tacks with '*Wain zait, wain fluss?*' ('Where is the oil? Where is the money?'). They soon found both (82,000 barrels daily). 'You know, Paul,' said Lord Beaverbrook, 'I've always felt that I had a reserved seat in life.' And the same thing goes, Mr Getty implies, for himself, in which case it would be foolish to give it up and move back among the standees, bitter though it is to discover that happiness doesn't necessarily exist in the orchestra stalls.

'I am periodically subject to gloomy spells.' And with good reason. Understandably wary and suspicious, guarded by a security force and Alsatian dogs, a failed husband, he was cursed with the appalling urge to go on and on, work harder and harder, and acquire, quite needlessly, more and more. Perhaps the book should be retitled *As I Seize It*. Strange that it should have been really rather unpleasant to have been the richest man in the world. Apart from, say, about £200,000, one envies him nothing.

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Letters to the Editor

Bantu Education

Sir, First, let me take the opportunity to congratulate you on the leading article which appeared in the issue of the 25 June dealing with the farcical Kissinger-Vorster détenté. As one of the many South Africans who have suffered at the hands of Vorster's regime and its agents, I have been outraged by the activities of certain busybodies in Africa and abroad who have arrogated to themselves the right and authority to speak on our behalf. These bodies, individuals and states have done more to whitewash apartheid than South Africa's own Information Services and other pro-South African Government agencies.

The recent angry demonstration in some African schools throughout South Africa and the predictably brutal reaction by white South Africa's agents of terror are the inevitable consequence of a system of indoctrinated schooling which has been designed deliberately for the entrenchment and perpetuation of an unjust and unequal society. To understand the full and sinister significance of the system of Bantu education one must glance at Dr Verwoerd's declared policy regarding education for Africans. That policy was enunciated in a statement made in 1954 under the heading 'Bantu Education . . . Policy for the Immediate Future'. It is impossible in this short comment to deal with the entire speech. Let me briefly recall some of the things that this architect and builder of Bantu institutions said:

In dealing with the 'defects' of the then existing system of education, he pointed out, *inter alia,* that 'the schools are unsympathetic to the country's policy'. Control by the then responsible authorities

> could bring no uniformity into the schools consistent with the policy of the country . . . the curriculum . . . and educational practice, by ignoring the segregation or Apartheid policy is unable to prepare for service within the Bantu community. By blindly producing pupils trained on a European model the vain hope is created among Natives that they could occupy posts within the European community despite the country's policy of Apartheid. This is what is meant by the creation of unhealthy white-collar ideals and the causation of widespread frustration among the so-called educated Natives.

The new scheme therefore was intended to fit in with political and economic objectives of the rulers of South Africa. African children must be educated for life in a subordinate society. There must be no conflict between the aims and purposes of education and the aims and purposes of politics.

Under 'General Objectives of the Bantu Act' Dr Verwoerd stated that the general aims of the Act are to change 'education for Natives into Bantu Education' because, he maintained, the present system 'results in alienation and division within the community'. This was to be done by transferring African education from the provincial administrations to a political department of state, namely, the Native Affairs Department, which would exercise totalitarian control over all aspects of Bantu education, including the training of teachers.

Under 'Requirements with which Bantu Education must comply', Dr Verwoerd stated:

(1) as far as possible every child must be educated up to Sub-standard B, and probably up to Standard II;
(2) the school must equip him to meet the demands which the economic life of South Africa will impose on him;
(3) the Bantu teacher must be integrated as an active agent in the process of the development of the Bantu community. He must learn not to feel above his community. He becomes frustrated and rebellious when this does not take place, and he tries to make his community dissatisfied because of such misdirected ambitions which are alien to his people.

Thus ignorant and unambitious teachers must be created to produce ignorant and unambitious pupils, who will be fitted only for the lowliest menial tasks. For, said Dr Verwoerd, 'the community has not been developed to such an extent that it can absorb in suitable posts those of its sons and daughters who have won fine examination certificates.' Clearly, highly trained Africans are not desirable and by implication as few as possible should receive higher educational qualifications lest they develop subversive 'white-collar ideals'; or look covetously at 'the green pastures of European civilisation where as Natives they will never be allowed to graze'. They are permitted to enjoy the midday sun of 20th-century scientific, technological, cultural and industrial development, not in the front stoeps and parlours of 'European civilisation' but in its backyards and kitchens as the Jims, Johns and Aias of South African society.

Thus Bantu education is a technique of domination, designed to condition a whole community and reconcile it to a state of servitude under apartheid. Its aims are political. Indeed, Dr Verwoerd declared that 'people who believe in equality are not desirable teachers of Natives'. Until there is a change in human relationships in the South African society itself there can be no essential and meaningful change in the function of education. Bantu education is education against enlightenment and Bantu schools and Bantu tribal colleges are nothing more than sepulchres of learning.

L. Mqotsi
Former General Secretary, Cape African Teachers' Association

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Stratford and its Pilgrims

Sir, Encouraged by the letter to you from Mr Cannell (NS 2 July) concerning Establishment malpractices at Wimbledon, I write about another national monument and 'tourist trap' i.e. Stratford-on-Avon and in particular the Royal Shakespeare Theatre at which I and my wife saw last week, at the height of our heat-wave, a very splendid production of *Romeo and Juliet.* Naturally one of the major attractions of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre is its setting. In our case, having booked £4 seats we were undismayed at having to pick up our tickets an hour before the performance, especially because of the hand-out which claimed that we could enjoy 'the dramatic view from the balcony overlooking the Avon adjoining the attractive buffet bar (true) where you can enjoy from your table delicious snacks from the licensed bar (doubly false) and in the interval have drinks in the theatre bar with picture windows overlooking the historic birthplace of the Bard' (false).

On our arrival at the theatre at 6 o'clock we were greeted by two charming sixth-form surveyors doing a project about foreign tourists to Shakespeare's shrine. They giggled with polite uninterest when we apologised for being Londoners. Relevant because nearly 50 per cent of the audience that night were from overseas. We obtained our tickets and went to 'the balcony overlooking the Avon'. The view was impeccable, boats, willows and river appropriately romantic. A dozen or so filthy tables, two dozen or so filthier chairs, mostly occupied. Three remaining chairs and one table unusable because, as an American remarked, 'there was a bird-lime situation'.

One chair, which could not be recycled, I put ashamedly on display and went to the 'attractive buffet bar' and asked for a swab. With considerable ill grace I was given a damp rag and proceeded to clean a chair, for myself and wife. The amused tourists opted to stand holding their plates of sausage and fried onions, curled beef sandwiches or pizza from which the flies had not been blown, and sipping from sherry glasses warm red plonk (40p). We opted for one round of cheese sandwich (they can't ruin that, can they?); and my wife had 40p's worth and after two sips we threw the rest into the Avon.

For the interval I had booked two large drinks in 'the gorgeous theatre bar overlooking the etc.'. We got the drinks but the picture windows etc. were covered by heavy curtains (temp. 80F. and at 9 p.m. the sun shone hard and horizontal). With encouragement from our tourist friends I pulled the curtains and sure enough there was a magnificent view over the etc. Everybody happy in every language from Hindu through Texan to Dutch. But no, in one minute flat a briskly busy catering lady (no doubt with strict instructions from Trevor Nunn) pulled them back, insisting that the sun would shine straight into Francesca Annis's eyes – a gem Juliet, but *not* on stage in the interval as I pointed out; however, she pulled the drapes and all was darkness and heat for the remaining ten minutes.

I resent paying 20p to see the chapels at Westminster Abbey but I think our overseas friends reckon this is better value than the equivalent cost of a candle at St Mark's or Notre Dame. Rome, Paris, Florence, Venice have *their* problems and are committing themselves to their own brand of self-destruction, but who is going to come here if we persist with this insular idiocy?

Humphry Swingler

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Up With Dogs

Sir, I trust you will allow me the courtesy of your columns to reply to Donald Gould's biased and totally ridiculous piece on dogs (NS 2 July). It may be that most of your particular readers are not interested in the dog scene, but since you have allowed this very damaging article to appear, the other side of the picture should be given.

It was ITV who started the anti-dog ball rolling by showing a programme as ill-informed and biased as Dr Gould's, and since then various papers have printed, parrot-like, the so-called facts and figures quoted. However, the dog press, and people who contribute to them, made it their business to obtain facts in as far as it was possible, and children's hospitals and specialists were questioned, and only one out of four specialists had ever encountered a case of blindness in a child which could possibly have been caused by *Toxocara,* and even in that case there was doubt.

As to rabies, which has been in the world for hundreds of years and never reached our shores, I can assure Dr Gould that the most stringent precautions are, and have always been taken against this, and in any case we only have the word of the French that this terrible disease is getting closer to the Channel ports. If they are allowing this to happen, it is they who are the menace and not the British. In this connection I would like to ask

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Dr Gould how many cases of rabies he has treated, contracted by people who work regularly in quarantine kennels. I did handle one little dog whilst in quarantine, which showed symptoms of the disease on the day it was due to be released; it was destroyed instantly by the vet, because as you may know the law demands at least one resident vet in all such kennels.

Dog-breeding and exhibiting have become a major industry in this country, and hundreds of foreign visitors attend our championship shows, often taking back with them dogs which have cost thousands of pounds, and which are acknowledged to be the finest in the world. Their health and condition is absolutely unquestionable. British-bred dogs have contributed far more to the export drive than many people realise.

I must also add that those of us who breed and exhibit dogs usually have a few acres of our own ground, and the dogs do not foul any public places. Has Dr Gould never heard of the Dog Breeders' Licensing Act 1973, whereby we operate under a licence supplied by the council, after they have satisfied themselves that the premises are properly run, are clean and wholesome, and that all excreta etc. are regularly burnt, I can assure him that dogs are here to stay, and the public would never allow them to be totally banned, if only because of the fact that it would be a gross infringement of personal liberty. In this respect the French are better than we are, because no landlord is allowed to ban dogs in tenants' homes, and is not allowed to include such a ban in any tenancy agreement.

DOREEN HILLYER

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Sir, I feel it is time someone took up the cudgels for dogs, as opposed to the mass hysterical nonsense to which they have been subjected of late. One 12-year-old is blinded by an infection picked up from excreta. Tragic, of course, if true – but remarkable, that if dogs are so dangerous why not hundreds, or even thousands of blinded children, considering the size of the dog population. I have kept dogs for all my adult life, and though I am now a 'senior citizen' have never had so much as a spot from my dogs, or infection of any kind. I keep three French bulldogs, as companions and for the show ring, but then my dogs do *not* have worms. I take care of that, as do all responsible dog people. So, please, put the blame where it rightly belongs, on irresponsible owners, and not on the dogs. It is too easy in this country to obtain a dog. Our government cannot be exonerated either in this. The RSPCA have pressed for the tightening of laws concerning dogs, but Whitehall, it would appear, is not interested and the RSPCA have no legal powers.

Far too many people just turn out their dogs in the morning, leaving them free to roam at will. Poor dogs! Furthermore, many of these 'owners' do not have a licence, so how would raising the licence fee help? Personally, I would have no objections at all, providing the holding of a licence could be enforced, particularly if it prevented these heartless people from keeping a dog. I am a pensioner but would consider the sacrifice well worth it, as for the companionship and sense of security my dogs give me when alone in the house, after all I could always do without my TV if it came to the choice. Also may I add, that there is no reason why dogs should foul the footpaths or parks. Mine do not, they have their own part of the garden where it can be dug in. There is nothing so easy to train as a puppy. So please, Donald Gould, put the blame on those who truly deserve it, on the human, *not* the canine race.

EDNA WHEAL

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Exams and Elitists

Sir, Your education correspondent, Peter Wilby, might carry a little credibility if he showed occasional signs of some concern for education as such rather than the monotonous propagation of a dreary perversion of egalitarianism. As usual, his article in your issue of 25 June consists mainly of the repetition of the words 'academic' and 'elitism' as boo-noises.

It is not a reactionary theory but an obvious fact that some children show more ability and taste than others for academic subjects and are more capable of pursuing them to the high level qualifying them for the universities and the professions. Because these are a minority (though perhaps a more numerous one than once recognised), are they not to be catered for in the schools lest this create what he terms an 'elite'? Perhaps he would inform us how the scientists, the economists, the doctors, the linguists, and the administrators whom this country needs are to be identified and trained without some form of selection and testing at various stages of their careers, even in a comprehensive system. He may deplore the fact that any such process is bound to reveal that some are abler in these directions than others but in doing so he is behaving peculiarly like an ostrich.

One would welcome from him, too, some recognition of the fact that with the abolition of the grammar schools the comprehensives inherit the responsibility for ensuring access to higher education and the professions for those whose parents cannot afford the private sector; and also that there is merit in aiming for excellence.

V. C. C. SAUNDERS

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US Unisex

Sir, Caroline Seebohm's entertaining account (NS 4 June) of the Lombard lecher and other perils of American womanhood regrettably rested on a piece of incorrect evidence. New York State was not the most recent state to fail to ratify the national Equal Rights Amendment. On the contrary, it was among the first to endorse it after its passage by Congress in 1972. The referendum to which Ms Seebohm seems to refer – and it took place last year and not so recently as she would lead readers to believe – was on a state amendment passed in part as a back-up measure should the national amendment fail. Other states have taken similar action. New York will no doubt try again.

Next time we city women won't be so smug. We'll be better prepared for the depressing truth that the issue will have to be fought once again over homosexual marriage and unisex toilets – things we thought too trivial to matter last time around.

BARBARA CROSSETTE

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Power to Spiro's Spleen

Sir, Isn't Philip Pollard (Letters 2 July) taking the Weekend Competition a mite too seriously? If this light-hearted feature is edited for amusement rather than soul-searching or pontificating, surely it was right to ban the bomb. As for the tongue-in-cheek bollockings Spiro Keats cheerfully administers to contestants from time to time, I suspect most of my fellow punters can dish it out with equal potency, as well as take it. For my part, he ain't laid a glove on me yet.

Mr Pollard says that 'Spiro Keats has a platform, and his readers have not'. On the contrary, if the readers' critical entries are good enough they usually get printed and earn a few quid besides. For my money Keats's robust invective adds considerably to the sum of human gaiety. More power to his spleen, and down with solemn inquests.

GERRY HAMILL

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Edward Upward

Sir, In the course of his review (NS 2 July) of the current Thirties Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery, together with *The Auden Generation* by Samuel Hynes, Stephen Spender writes that it is a scandal that Edward Upward has not been able to find a publisher for the third volume of his trilogy, which began with *In The Thirties* (Heinemann, 1962) and continued with *The Rotten Elements* (Heinemann, 1969). May we endorse those words? We have read the third volume, *The Spiral Ascent*, in manuscript and are convinced that it brings to a conclusion one of the most remarkable trilogies of our time.

ISOBEL ENGLISH
NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

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Right-Wing Response

Sir,—Mr Frank Hardie recalls (Letters, 2 July) the night of Saturday 30 August 1958, when rioting broke out in Notting Hill.

I returned from holiday that evening to my then home in Notting Hill, so I had obviously played no part in the alleged 'incitement' to riot. However, like Mr George Rogers, I decided to speak to the people of Notting Hill as soon as possible. On Monday evening I set up a platform on a street corner and spoke to a crowd which the Press estimated as numbering 2,000 people.

I neither condoned the violence nor condemned the reaction of local youths who had rebelled agains the flooding of the area with coloured immigrants. (It was an area where people frequently came to me to complain that Mr Rogers had done nothing about their deplorable living conditons – families of six and seven in one room). I am happy to say I was able to bring sufficient pressure to bear upon the local council to help a number of these people. I left the condemnation of the youths (to four years' imprisonment) to the Establishment responsible for the situation.

My speech consisted largely of an appeal to stop the violence and turn to the ballot-box as a solution: that night I coined the phrase 'votes not violence'. The matter was put to the vote in 1959, with a clear choice between Conservative, Labour and Liberal candidates on the one hand all insisting there should be *no* restrictions on immigration and one candidate who said: stop all further immigration and organise the human repatriation to good jobs and conditions of the comparatively small number of immigrants then in Britain. Mr Rogers was duly declared the winner and immigration has continued, with the disastrous results now clear to all.

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BOOKS & ARTS

Frederic Raphael

A Beard in the Hand

The Freudian Slip by SEBASTIANO TIMPANARO
New Left Books £6.00

Spofforth, the demon bowler, once parted W. G. Grace's beard with a lightning full-toss. 'Sorry, Doctor,' said Spofforth, 'she slipped.' Had Freud been fielding, how would he have analysed the occasion? (Freud was the greatest of all slip fielders: he caught everyone.) He would, presumably, have invited Spofforth to free associate on the subject of Grace, his beard, his personality, his name. Did the demon bowler perhaps love a girl called Grace, *whose beard he was too shy to part*? Or did Spofforth see W.G. as the *Father* of cricket and thus a rival too venerable to be struck down save by accident, Laius at the wicket? Or could it have been that the ball was a bit damp and that *she* did indeed slip? Freud (umpire *and* fielder) would have been, as the French functionaries say, *formel sur ce point*: there could be no such a thing as an 'unintentional slip'.

Sebastiano Timpanaro's critique of Freud concentrates on that key early text, *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*, a decision justified both by the importance Freud always attached to it in his aetiology and by the author's own professional knowledge of 'slips'. Timpanaro is a classical philologist and he is also a Marxist. His purpose then is frankly polemical, but he wages his war against *bourgeois* psychologism with punctilious chivalry, save for a few brief blows below the belt. (Where else would you hit Freud?) If his denunciation is also a kind of homage, he clearly charges Freud with being a man so impatient of all dissenting opinions that he created a self-serving system in terms of which he could never be wrong. Timpanaro's critique is justified by a close analysis of the tactics of scholarly reconstruction of corrupt texts.

Yet surely Freud began with empirical purposes? *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life* affected above all to be a practical primer, a casebook of stand-or-fall evidence that his methods gave verifiable results. Timpanaro gives special attention to a famous instance placed more or less in the 'Genesis' position, Chapter Two. Freud is travelling, by chance (!), in a railway compartment where he gets into conversation with a young Jew who is both clever and frustrated: the anti-Semitism of Imperial Vienna hobbles his ambition. At an impassioned moment, the young man quotes Virgil: *'Exoriare ex nostris ossibus ultor.'* (May there arise from our bones an avenger.) The words are Dido's when Aeneas deserts her. But they are, as the young man uneasily recognises, misquoted. He cannot, however, recall the correct version. Freud can: *'Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.'* (May *someone* arise from our bones to be an avenger.) The young man, mortified by his solecism, asks the famous professor – whom he has already identified – to root out the reason for it. Free associating on *aliquis*, the young Jew reveals his repressed anxiety: he has been having an affair with an Italian girl who may now, he fears, be pregnant. I shall not here detail the subtle steps, involving *inter alia* the liquidity of a-*liquis*, by which the young man brings himself, so to speak, to book. Like Doctor Watson when confronted with a display of Holmes's 'methods', he capitulates totally to his companion's genius, though like the child in Plato's *Meno* he seems to have done it all himself. Our own capitulation follows; the chapter has the form of a detective story and, like Plato's myths, reinforces argument with unarguable art.

Timpanaro points out the uncontrollable elements in the case: Freud's own (imposing) presence is an unacknowledged catalyst; his remarks during the free association are literally suggestive; and there is no proof that the 'slip' over *aliquis* (rather than over any other word or words) was uniquely related to the repressed material. Timpanaro proceeds to find a systematic determination by Freud to secure his doctrines against any conceivable contradiction. One need not be Popper to see in such a scheme a betrayal of scientific principle. Why, Timpanaro wants to know, must all guilt have a sexual origin? Why can it never be shame over the exploitation of the working class (or fear of proletarian justice) that occasions *bourgeois* neurosis? He ends by driving Freud, with an unironic salute, from the scientific pantheon.

How then should we regard him? Was he a misplaced novelist (as metaphysicians are sometimes said to be misplaced poets)? Or was he merely, in Nabokov's phrase, 'the Viennese witch-doctor'? The conversation with the young Jew conceals, I think, some unplucked fruit. To start with, does Freud ever wonder whether the young man is telling the truth? It would need Nabokov's naughty wit to suggest that his companion was actually an uncircumcised homosexual prostitute suborned by a consortium of right-wing financiers with outstanding debts to the *Banque Rothschild* in order to discredit and mislead Jewish science, but the fact is, Freud was rather quickly satisfied that the case had been fully solved.

(Interesting that 'case' is applied equally to criminal and to medical occasions: in each area, there is an arbitrary, or 'professional' limit to 'how far the inquiry goes'.) Who decides when a dossier is closed? The man who strops Occam's razor gives social and political categories the appearance of 'natural' limits.

But why did the young man so desire Freud to become his inquisitor? (The 'slip' was, as it were, his visiting card, or his 'specimen'.) He had 'wronged' a Catholic girl, so from whom should he seek absolution but from a secular Rabbi likely to forgive a 'racial' sin, since he was said to believe neither in Judaism nor in sexual guilt?

If it were not for the Nazi nonsense, we might not be ashamed to harp on the Jewishness of Freud's 'science'. The universality of his 'Confession' (where his own primacy was due not to being 'chosen', nor yet to being ordained, but – like God's – to having been there first) made him the exact Saviour for whom the young Jew cried out. How come Freud was able so *promptly* to supply the missing 'aliquis'? The answer: *'Ecce homo!'* Freud himself was the very avenger for whom there was so crying a need. Evidence? Timpanaro refers elsewhere, without remarking the significance, that Freud habitually identified with Hannibal, to the extent that he could not, for many years, bring himself to visit Rome. And who was the *aliquis ultor* whom

Oliver Bernard

For Jonathan Going to School

You're off to school then in the morning
Jonathan.
This is to say I hope it's not too stupid.
You understand, it's this one mainly fears
Apart from cars and anger (they are, too).

I don't much care what others think
they think
About us; or what methods or religious
Attitudes they adopt : I just don't
want you
to suffer unexplained indignities.

Never be no one, even when completely
Ignored or misconstrued. Don't let
discredit
Come upon our old preschool university
Where steam-engines and peacocks were
main subjects,

And steaming coffee, stinging cocacola,
Adequate kicks. You have been using
English
For years: not for your ears the admonitions
I waste so long escaping (they don't move).

You walk it, careful, as I used to walk
Into my truant woods. But forget me, Jo.
All you have worth remembering
is pleasure;
Pleasure and danger. What do I advise you?
Be yourself if you can possibly get away
with it.

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Carthaginian Dido's speech prefigured? Hannibal, of course. So Freud's 'short story' was fuller of repressed matter than its author knew. The question can indeed now pose itself, rather more seriously, whether the episode in the train ever really took place. May it not have been supplied by that imaginative faculty which Freud was obliged to conceal by presenting his gospel less as the evangelistic fictions of a Jewish Liberator than as the scientific discoveries of a properly 'neutral' Herr Professor?

Such a speculation does not, of course, debunk Freud's ideas, though it may serve to support Timpanaro's notion that there are more forms of repression than are dreamed of in Freud's philosophy. *The Freudian Slip* contrives to be sympathetic to Freud's humanism, while remarking critically, and with stimulating particularity, on its methodology and its social context. (Timpanaro's exemplary patience proclaims his case with far more persuasiveness than did Christopher Caudwell – in *Studies In A Dying Culture* – almost forty years ago.) One is tempted, to end with a cricketing image, to enter the following score: Freud, not out, bowled Timpanaro.

Paul Addison

With a Vengeance

British Labour and Hitler's War by T. D. BURRIDGE *Deutsch* £5.95

The United Front: The TUC and the Russians 1923-1928 by DANIEL F. CALHOUN *Cambridge* £10.50

Between the wars Labour attitudes towards Germany were rooted in the conviction that the Treaty of Versailles had been a great mistake. The peacemakers, who ought to have won over the Germans to a new world of justice and reconciliation, had punished them by demanding economic reparations, by taking away territory, and by proclaiming the bogus doctrine that Germany alone had caused the first world war. The true cause of war was never to be found in the diplomacy of one particular country. Wars were the inevitable result of nationalism, an infectious disease which, although caught by entire populations, was in fact spread by warmongering elites. If Germany fell victim to a fresh epidemic under Hitler, this was at least partly because Lloyd George and Clemenceau had been carriers in 1919. The best way to oppose Nazism was therefore to offer the German people full restitution for the economic and territorial wrongs inflicted upon them at Versailles.

Such was Labour policy in 1939. After the outbreak of war the first war aim of the party was to prevent a second draconian peace. Labour proclaimed that they were fighting the Nazi regime, not the German people: once the minority of bad Germans were removed, the good Germans would be embraced in international brotherhood. But these ideas did not survive the fiery ordeal of the blitz, the battle of the Atlantic and the colossal struggle on the Russian front. By 1943 Attlee was telling Dalton that the Versailles Treaty had been too soft on the Germans. This time, he argued, the mistake must be avoided and Germany rendered incapable of starting another war. As chairman of the Cabinet committee on post-war policy for Germany, he argued for the trial of war criminals, the dispossession of the Junkers and the elimination of war industry, the control of German industry for the purpose of rehabilitating other countries and the dismemberment of Germany into separate states. If the German people had to suffer great hardship this would, Attlee maintained, bring home to them 'the completeness and the irrevocability of their defeat'. Generally speaking, Attlee's opinions were warmly endorsed by the other Labour ministers, including Dalton, Bevin and A. V. Alexander: nor was there dissent from that flighty idealist Sir Stafford Cripps, who at the time had flown out of the Labour coop altogether.

Alongside the change of attitude towards Germany there developed, logically enough, a fresh approach to the world at large. In the Thirties Labour rhetoric held that peace and security would be guaranteed if the great powers avoided the formation of blocs and alliances, and submitted themselves to the rule of the League of Nations. But once Britain was allied with Russia and the United States in a life-or-death struggle against Germany, Labour leaders rapidly began to speak the language of balance and deterrence. If the main aim was to prevent Germany from ever again dominating Europe, Russia also posed a threat. Attlee viewed Russian aims with deep distrust and thought that the US should be drawn into the affairs of post-war Europe as a counterweight, though he was wary too lest the Americans start poaching on the British Empire. In the spring of 1945 we find him commenting that the Russians were 'behaving in a perfectly bloody way, telling us nothing, but setting up puppet Governments all over Europe as far west as they could'.

Mr Burridge is the first historian to investigate the impact of war on Labour's understanding of foreign affairs, and the influence of Labour ministers on the foreign policy of the Churchill government. His findings are new and significant, his argument admirably clear, and his presentation wonderfully concise. He is very conscious that the Labour party did not undergo a sudden change of character. The Labour leaders had always been pragmatists beneath the mask of rhetoric, and the war brought out their innate hard-headedness and capacity for business. Nor did the party accept the new line on Germany without much faction-fighting. A number of leading figures, including Harold Laski, Philip Noel-Baker and Aneurin Bevan, always rejected the doctrine of unconditional surrender, and much energy was expended in trying to prevent that great bully, Hugh Dalton, from getting his anti-German policies through the National Executive. Mr Burridge regards Attlee and the other Labour ministers as realists emancipated from the confusions of utopian thought, but he himself notes that the policy of smashing Germany tended to contradict the aim of containing Russia. There was as much roast beef patriotism as *realpolitik* in the attitudes of Dalton, and many other Labour figures were of the same stamp.

Mr Burridge is least convincing when he argues that Labour took an important part in the shaping of foreign policy. He does show beyond all doubt that Attlee & Co. shared the convictions of Churchill and Eden on the main issues, so that foreign policy was genuinely bipartisan. But although Labour ministers sometimes contributed to Cabinet discussion, or provided moral sup-

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port, it is hard to see them as policy-makers. In 1943 Attlee became chairman of a committee on the post-war settlement. The Chiefs of Staff proposed that Germany should be split into three zones of occupation, with Berlin jointly administered. Mr Burridge tells us that 'Attlee's committee lost no time in agreeing with the Chiefs of Staff', whose plan subsequently became the basis of allied policy. This may show that Churchill trusted Attlee to run a committee, but it does not follow that Attlee himself decided anything important. But what this excellent book does illuminate is the significance of the Coalition in preparing the Labour leaders for office after 1945. Churchill seems not to have told any of them during the war of the atom bomb project. But Attlee and Bevin, steeped in the doctrines of strategic bombing and the balance of power, were by 1945 spiritually prepared to build their own bomb – realism with a vengeance.

Labour's internationalism had always been so profoundly British in character as to be little more than Foreign Office policy translated into Esperanto, and the divorce of language from motivation, endemic in the personalities of Labour leaders, made it very difficult for them to understand what they really meant. If Hitler sorted out many of these confusions, the Russians too had administered a lesson in self-knowledge in the 1920s. After 1917, most trade union leaders in Britain thought of Russia as the first workers' state, and looked forward to developing with the Bolsheviks the camaraderie of trade unionists getting together to exchange shop talk at the Pig and Whistle. The Russians too were pursuing the policy of the 'united front' but as they explained themselves their aim was to take social democrats by the hand as a preliminary to taking them by the throat. The brief collaboration between British and Soviet trade unionists in the Anglo-Russian committee of 1925-7 is the theme of Professor Calhoun's witty and learned book, based on Russian as well as British sources. The end was inevitable, but for the leaders of the TUC it meant no more than final disenchantment in a misplaced affair of the heart. For Stalin and Trotsky the fate of the committee was the last major issue between them – and Trotsky, of course, lost everything as a result.

John Raymond

Friends Apart

The Correspondence of James Boswell with Certain Members of the Club edited by Charles N. Fifer *Heinemann* £25.00

This new volume in the research edition of Boswell's papers at Yale not only contains a heap of fresh information about the biographer's friends and acquaintance but fulfils a wider and subjective purpose. It makes us, their posterity, think afresh about Johnson and how *his* friends persisted in cultivating him after his death, invoking his memory and his moral stances as an aid to living; it makes us see how central the Club was to Boswell's life and how, as a mere matter of record and social history, it fared and what became of it. Above all, as a result of Professor Fifer's near-perfect editing, this collection puts two of Johnson's closest younger friends in quite a new perspective, adds an attractive full-length figure to Boswell's inner circle of surrogate fathers and, in analysing his treatment of Bishop Percy in the *Life*, stakes even higher claims for him as an artist in the assembling of his material.

Bennet Langton and Topham Beauclerk were the two inseparable youths of Trinity, Oxford who matriculated together and sought Johnson's acquaintance while they were still at the university. Langton was tall, stooping, hesitant, inquiring, full of 'picturesque languor', a young man of ancient Lincolnshire family, born for contemplation and scruple. 'He told me', declared Miss Hawkins, daughter of the unclubbable Sir John, 'that at two o'clock every day he felt such a failure of his intellectual powers as to disperse all his ideas but regained them after taking a little nourishment.' His odd mixture of virtue and charm endeared him to Johnson. He was a pattern of the indolent good.

His bosom friend, Beauclerk, was a charmer of a different kind. The great-grandson of Charles II and Nell Gwynn, he had inherited something of his royal forbear's saturnine good looks and self-indulgence. A gambler, born for a life of pleasure, his and Langton's friendship at first puzzled Johnson until he realised that Beauclerk talked brilliantly and had a passionate love of literature. When Johnson received his pension, it was Beauclerk who dared say to him, 'I hope you'll now purge and live cleanly, like a gentleman.' In the famous Russian roulette-like argument about pistols and buttered muffins when Beauclerk lost his temper and he and Johnson were in tantrums with one another, the real hero of the episode is Boswell, who did not shrink from writing it all down in the interest of making his hero, as Robert Lynd remarked, 'the most real figure in English biography'.

Nevertheless, neither Beauclerk or Langton is allowed to tread his full measure in Boswell. It is only here, in a handful of notes from Beauclerk to his friend, that one gets a hint of his real nature – the imperious sick man, lovable and mercurial but demanding, quizzing the world and its authors, sending up the whole superstructure of pretentious learning with a verve that makes one wonder why he should have chosen so much to dislike his wife's great friend, Horace Walpole. (Beauclerk is the great non-conducting human bridge between Gough Square and Strawberry Hill.) He questions the authorship of Captain Cook's memoirs and the provenance of Mme du Barry's French Court particulars,

> which I beg the favour of you to return as soon as you have done with it, as two or three people want it. You will read it in an Hour. I forgot to mention that there are some Epigrams . . . not fit to be read by the young Lady if she happens to read French; you had better therefore not leave it about . . . The Secrets of the Cabinet are not much to be trusted to . . .

Meanwhile:

> . . . I have been in constant pain night and day for this whole Week . . . even my old friend Laudanum has failed at giving me ease . . . I know if you can come you will take pity upon me, for I can neither read, nor think nor hardly bear my Existence, my pain and lowness of Spirits are so intolerable.

Beauclerk died at 40 in 1780, but Langton continued, faintly but indestructibly, on a milk diet, at his classical studies and Christian speculations. The Elephant's Child, as Fifer aptly describes him, lingered querulously on till 1801, surviving all the friends and causes he had embraced with such tender tenacity – Goldsmith, Garrick, Boswell himself to whose book he had contributed such wonderful touches, the militia, the Americas, female inheritance (he had married a countess and had daughters he doted on with a rectitude that shocked Boswell and his other male-chauvinist feudal friends). His son Peregrine has left an inimitable picture of him in his long white dressing-gown, breakfasting long after midday, while 'Thomas à Kempis or some other book of the kind was read out' and the girls dropped in one after the other to keep their father in countenance. Under the shade of Johnson, whose verbal drubbings Boswell had long ago convinced him were only as fierce as his affection, he had slumbered life away in amiable innocence.

Thomas Barnard (1726-1806), Bishop of Killaloe, later of Limerick, is a figure that Fifer's researches for this book have only properly brought to light. He was that rare type of 18th-century clergyman, a wise, worldly and witty man who was genuinely pious as well. (We can be grateful to Boswell's crony, Sir William Forbes, for copying the bishop's remarks on the Eucharist, since Boswell lost his own copy and they would not otherwise have been preserved.) Barnard led 'as intellectually stimulating a life as probably could be led in Ireland' and the shade of selfishness in his urbane and sunny nature gives a tang to his personality. In a message to a niece who had opposed his marriage (at the age of 77) to a young woman of 22 now dying of consumption, he declared that 'you may tell your Sister Sarah that if I lose my Present Wife (as I expect to do) I shall certainly look out for a Third, as soon as propriety will permit!' (She recovered and outlived him.) He and Boswell became genuinely fond of one another and though he had spent too little time with Johnson to help his friend with much information for the life, he was useful in keeping him up to the mark in the actual writing. ('When

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do's your much desired and Long Expected Work come out? . . . If it do's not soon appear we shall grow as outrageous as the galleries at Drury Lane")

Politically (and sacerdotally, as far as Dissenters were concerned) Barnard, though a man of varied interests and active in pursuit of them, was too good a public hater and 'a totally unreconstructed Tory'. Yet much later, when many of his Irish diocesan brethren were leaving for fear of a French invasion, it is good to know that he remained and thus endeared himself to the mob he so despised.

Russell Davies

Tiny Tim

The Children of Dynmouth by WILLIAM TREVOR *Bodley Head* £3.50

This novel is a small failure of transplanted suburban Gothic, but it has its interesting points. Mr Trevor is one of those writers who take a certain masochistic pleasure in being confined by the smallness and meretriciousness of the average English domestic emotions. He sees our lives measured out not in coffee-spoons so much as plastic teaspoons, not to mention boxes of Daz, episodes of *Crossroads* and pints of bogus continental lager. Hence the subdued but horrible glee implicit in a passage like the following:

> In the holidays there were the morning programmes as well: Bagpuss, Camp Runamuck, Nai Zindagi Naya Jeevan, Funky Phantom, Randall and Hopkirk (deceased), Junior Police Five, Car Body Maintenance, Solids, Liquids and Gases, Play a Tune with Ulf Goran, Sheep Production

– a list of video allsorts that has an almost shaming effect, so redolent is it of boredom and aimlessness in the living-room. But not just that; it also draws attention to the confusion between fantasy-life and thirst-for-knowledge that determines the behaviour of the central character, Timothy Gedge.

Timothy Gedge is in every way a horror, especially by the discreet standards of Dynmouth, a mothballed Dorset seaside resort where, to take a typical example of the prevailing shabby quaintness, the local chip-shop is called 'Phyl's Pries'. Timothy lives in the remains of a broken home, where he is a stunned devotee of all the TV shows above-mentioned, and many others, above all the comedy shows. These he has an ambition to emulate in his own performance at Dynmouth's talent competition; but a visit to the nether regions of Madame Tussaud's has also taken his fancy, and given him the idea of combining his dreadful comedy patter with a one-man tableau-cum-impersonation of Joseph Smith and the Brides in the Bath. To do this – and to impress Hughie Green, who just might be in the audience, you never know – he needs at the very least a zinc bathtub, a suit and a wedding dress, and *The Children of Dynmouth* is the story of how he goes about obtaining them, by blackmail.

Sharp-eyed, ubiquitous and dedicatedly careless of tongue, Timothy has no trouble getting the goods on Commander Abigail, whose virginal marriage finds its explanation and its relief on the golf course, where he plays 'Find the Penny' with complaisant scout cubs; on Mr Plant the publican, who is wont to pleasure ladies in the public lavatory that bears their name; and on the shrinking family Dass, who would not like it to be known how their favourite son left home, and how unlikely it is that he will return. These are the victims who will provide our satanic, downy-cheeked impressionist with his props.

So far, so reasonable. Trevor captures the diseased affability of the junior con-man rather well, in lines of dialogue that seem to marry something namelessly disgusting in their half-conscious ambiguity: 'D'you ever see Benny Hill, Mrs Abigail? Really funny, Benny Hill. And Bruce Forsyth. D'you like Bruce Forsyth when he gets going?' It's the last phrase as does it. The child is definitely repulsive. But all the more reason why the author should not duck out of the consequence of Timothy, which he unfortunately does.

Up rears the sub-plot to confront the Gedge phenomenon. Stephen and Kate, two more children of Dynmouth, newly allied (Stephen's father, a widower, has married Kate's mother) become two of Timothy's minor victims, but Kate rebels, going so far as to ask the vicar to perform an exorcism on the lad. But it is unnecessary. Despite Timothy's last bid to attack the weaker link, Stephen, by accusing his father of murdering the dead mother (a false allegation, but one with a certain metaphorical appropriateness, we gather), the evil campaign abruptly subsides. Timothy's planned act is withdrawn from the talent show, and he appears to settle for a future in the local sandpaper factory, consoled by a new fantasy in which he figures as the unadmitted offspring of a local spinster and the doctor she adores.

This is all very disappointing. Whatever the social likelihoods of Timothy's case might be, he has been brought to a pitch of *literary* malice which can't simply be allowed to fall away like this. Withdrawing his relish of Timothy's evil, and presenting him suddenly as something like a case-history victim, Mr Trevor hops without warning into another mood, almost another genre. He is guilty of failing to respect the impetus generated by his own characterisation, and of reasserting the decencies of life in a way that the whole tendency of the story belies, negates and derides. The old accusation of blowing up a short story idea to novel length is bound to come up too – though Trevor's problem, as he faces the task of doing something impressive with the miniature repressed emotions of a left-over genteel society, entitles him to some sympathy.

Among this week's contributors:

The text of FREDERIC RAPHAEL'S television series *The Glittering Prizes* will be published by Penguin in the autumn.

JULIE WELCH was a runner-up in the IPC award for Sports Writer of the Year for 1975.

MARK BOXER (Marc), cartoonist for *The Times*, won the Granada Cartoonist of the Year award in 1973. He will be illustrating Clive James's forthcoming poem, *Britannia Bright's Bewilderment in the Wilderness of Westminster*.

Mark Boxer

Brief Aubrey

Beardsley and his World by BRIGID BROPHY *Thames & Hudson* £3.50

Colin MacInnes once described our graphic artists as 'the unsung heroes of English pictorial history'. Apart from the obvious names, ranging from Hogarth and Gillray to Keene and Cruikshank, a considerable school of anonymous and robust illustrators existed in the 19th century, appearing in the public prints through the sweated labour of the wood engraver. But the wood block could only be an approximation of the original. Curiously, with the appearance of photographic copying, the zinc block and the dandified figure of Beardsley, a whole tradition of realism was undercut by 'fine art'.

Every graphic artist draws a basic type;

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Beardsley's standard profile was surely Jane Morris on permanent loan from the Pre-Raphaelites – the narcissistic face has survived on a hundred schoolgirl blotters. Perhaps because of his impending death, Beardsley elevated personality and style above observation. There is something stencil-like about his work; also an innate stageyness. With the theatrical setting of curtains or proscenium-like borders, his people are animated versions of marble busts rather than flesh and blood, his stage props the repeating images of peacock feathers, lilies and tassels. The 'new technology' was being used to disseminate 'fine art' concepts and *fin de siècle* images of decadence. In some ways Beardsley was the Cecil Beaton of the Nineties.

A book on Beardsley must inevitably be hampered by the shortness of his life and the lack of papers. Brigid Brophy has turned this into a dubious advantage; her text has been much praised, but to me it is an irritating mixture of questionable psychological insights preceded by a pedantic record of the houses in which he lived. She discerns phallic symbols in the work of an artist who was in fact rather happy to draw the real thing – without revealing what kind of instrument he used, or for that matter any indication of size. The occasional motif he used for a signature she sees as a diagram of 'sexual penetration and ejaculation'. With the odd 'I surmise' or 'probably' she, like many biographers, tells us somewhat more about herself than her subject. And no remark of hers is as telling as Shaw's description of Beardsley: 'a reveller in vices of which he was innocent'.

She is good on the influence of Brighton and his evocation of colour. She has some perception of Beardsley's supreme talent – that of a designer. His work has a fine sense of balance, and his *Yellow Book* is a seminal influence on 20th-century design. Unfortunately several drawings which she praises or describes remain unillustrated (though one of his only two oils and a fine caricature of Whistler are included – both new to me). His written work is hardly quoted and Miss Brophy fails to discuss his dying wish that his obscene drawings should be destroyed; 'I surmise' because her publishers fail to illustrate any of them.

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Thomas Hardy in Cornwall

by Kenneth Phelps

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Julie Welch

Padding Up

MCC: The Autobiography of a Cricketer by COLIN COWDREY *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.95
Ball of Fire by FRED TRUEMAN *Dent* £3.95
Fair Play: The Story of Women's Cricket by RACHAEL HEYHOE-FLINT and NETTA RHEINBERG *Angus & Robertson* £4.50
A History of West Indies Cricket by GORDON ROSS *Arthur Barker* £3.95

In tones of dignified reproach, and 16 years after the event, Colin Cowdrey gives us the tip-off: it was Walter Robins who foozled his hopes of test captaincy against Australia. To lumber briefly down memory lane, Robins managed the England tour of the West Indies in 1959-60. The crunch came when Peter May fell ill and Cowdrey deputised as captain in the final test at Port of Spain. With England one up in the series, Cowdrey could hardly be blamed for playing for a draw on the last day:

> There was no point in risking all with a quixotic declaration . . . For some reason, Robins was not on the ground on that last morning to watch our magnificent show of batting. His bustling arrival by taxi and public dressing-down of his captain in the dressing-room only served to spoil what I thought had been a successful day for English cricket . . . It is to my regret that apart from a few formal greetings over the next few years, he had little time for me.

This was tough cheddar on Cowdrey, since Walter Robins was the next chairman of selectors. Still, Our Hero is nothing if not stalwart, and in *MCC: Autobiography of a Cricketer* he conveys a philosophical acceptance of the nadirs of his sporting existence, brushing off injury, antagonism, separations and disappointments with the adopted calm of a recently stagnated pond.

After all, there were zeniths, too – he was Captain of Kent from 1957-71, made 118 appearances for England (23 of them as captain), and bagged 27 test centuries; a fitting career for a man christened Michael Colin Cowdrey. His cricketing life spanned some of the game's biggest changes, from the supremacy of batting giants like Sir Len Hutton to the takeover of seam bowling, and the arrival of sponsorship and the much-discussed one-day match. On his maiden test tour, he went first class by boat for seven-and-a-half months in the Antipodes; you took a dinner jacket for sumptuous noshes on board and enough toothpaste to fill a fair-sized Timothy Whites. These days you go tourist-class by jet and eat chicken in dog-sick sauce like everyone else.

Cowdrey's personal qualities are of the brand known as sterling: industry, thoroughness, caution, decency, discretion – they all exude lambently from his dustjacket. Gratitude for his mentors is deeply entrenched, which to a generation accustomed to petulance in its sporting heroes should be instructive and heartening. If there is a beef about him, it must be his horror of giving offence, which turns what could have been the nitty-gritty of sports autobiography into a ruminative, enjoyable but largely uncontroversial thumbing through the record book and photo album.

There *were* controversies, not only the Robins débâcle. There was that spat with Illingworth over the captaincy. Most important of all, there were those savagely unforgettable weeks of 1968 during which government, opposition, the Church, a clutch of diplomats and a fair-sized wedge of the nation became emotionally embroiled in the cricketing progress of Basil D'Oliveira. Since Cowdrey was captaining England at the time, and since he is a man of intelligence, compassion and political acumen, he was pretty closely concerned in what went on at the highest level at that time. It seemed fair, in view of that, to look forward to some strong retrospective opinions on the subject, but not so – it's a very loose and lukewarm version. This can hardly be the wish of Ian Wooldridge, who is acknowledged as co-writer on page 5, and who is not only a likeable sort of chap but also a journalist of the utmost class and courage. Whether or not some kind of blue pencil intervened can only be guessed at, but Cowdrey's account of the summer of '68 has the bite, the toughness and ultimately the credibility of a lengthily-dunked biscuit.

Coincidentally or no, Fred Trueman's autobiography is also out; *Ball of Fire*, it's called, no doubt since some other chap had pinched *The Golden Bowl* for a title. Trueman writes well, as indeed he talks – with humour, abrasiveness and a notable sense of timing. During his iconoclastic career, the cricket world had uncomplicated feelings about him; they either hated him with a teeth-grinding hatred or loved him to distraction. His determinedly renegade approach is as effective an antidote as any to the relentless good manners of Cowdrey's book. 'I'm afraid,' says Trueman, 'that my opinion of Colin as a skipper didn't amount to much, although he was a batsman of the highest order.' And where Cowdrey gave Walter Robins the literary bum's rush, no prizes for guessing who observed, 'Walter was the only MCC mandarin I ever really liked and got along with.' Not being the sort to shrink from a spot of controversial bother, Trueman would have given us the lowdown on the D'Oliveira affair – but then, my God, Trueman would never have been consulted.

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Women's cricket isn't without its controversies either. Should they be allowed to play at Lord's? Should profane boobs flounce through the Long Room on the way to the crease? In Rachael Heyhoe-Flint the ladies' game has a formidable proponent – a good player, a gutsy captain and an excellent after-dinner speaker (some hint that it was she who invented Titbread's Wankard). As a journalist and commentator, she does her own breezy thing, and has now co-authored, with Netta Rheinberg, *Fair Play: The Story of Women's Cricket* – self-explanatory, that title. Personally, I think cricket should be the summer game in every women's school in the land. It used to be at mine, till a girl got hit in the bust. (Later she become a shadowy, almost mythical figure, blamed for everything from poor university entrance results to blocked lavatories.) *Fair Play* does a thorough, hard-working, uncontroversial job of tracing the history of women's cricket – a sort of printed Colin Cowdrey, in fact.

A History of West Indies Cricket by Gordon Ross is convenient to have around at the moment, when the West Indian pace attack is doing murderous things to our batsmen's self-esteem. Gordon Ross has a lot of qualifications as a cricketing journalist and editor, and the tome is informative and anecdotal. Wes Hall, Sir Gary Sobers, Frank Worrell – they're all there in The Greats; stuck at the end is Clive Lloyd, who is still gloriously disporting himself as West Indies captain. You can't miss him; he's the one who looks like a box of egg-plants wearing a hat.

Julian Barnes

Remedial

The Hospital Ship by MARTIN BAX *Cape* £3.95
Games of Love and War by DINAH BROOKE *Cape* £3.50
Quintet by PETER VANSITTART *Peter Owen* £4.50
New Stories 1 edited by Margaret Drabble and Charles Osborne *Arts Council* £4.00 and £2.50

Martin Bax, the author of *Your Child's First Five Years* and founder of *Ambit*, has put together an engagingly quirky first novel. It's a concerned, scholarly, funny, tangential piece of present/future fantasy: part paediatric tract, part plea for the revival of romantic love, part bold collage of medical, financial and sociological info, part plug for *Ambit*, and even, here and there, a traditional fiction. Dr Bax posits general world disaster, with huge, vague wars, riots on Wall Street, and efficient men in grey suits going round and bureaucratically crucifying most of the male population. A nuclear-powered hospital ship cruises the oceans picking up survivors, most of whom remember little of their injuries or their previous life. The two people in the deepest psychic shock turn out to be apposite casualties of capitalism and imperialism: a wrecked-out New York stockbroker, and a Saigon whore who has been overrun by American troops. They are restored to health by a therapy which consists of leaving them in bed together for weeks on end. Not a bad answer to life's stresses, if you ask me; though Dr Bax's remedies and guidelines are more than merely carnal. Evils of our time, from child abuse to aggressive group behaviour and mindless dialecticism, can be alleviated by softening the rigours of childbirth, understanding the child's early needs and mending the disorders of love. The thesis is trenchant and commanding, packed with ideas out of the range of your average novel.

From Dinah Brooke, matters of love and war come in a more conventional package: that of painful self-analysis of a rich and solitary heroine. Though I chide myself for reprehensibly extra-literary reactions, there's something about anguish in a towelling bathrobe in the best hotel in Bangkok which always puts the initial dampers on my responses. Other characteristics of this genre include short, stabbing, life-as-it-is sentences; the use of travel to do service for plot; and the present tense to rub in the featureless dragginess of things. Miss Brooke's Elspeth dashes round Indochina both hunting and fleeing her ailing father, her mutilated GI lover, and herself; the three of them lacerate themselves and each other all the way up the scale to (attempted) suicide. Appreciation of Miss Brooke's reliable eye for places, manners, food, and Asian English increases one's disappointment at being unable to muster much sympathy for her central theme. 'My body is the world,' wails Elspeth modestly; and 'Vietnam . . . is the name of our generation all over the world'. One feels less that she is being expanded into an emblem for the guilt and horror of Vietnam, and more that the sufferings of that war are being demeaned by their encapsulation in a trivial heroine.

Peter Vansittart is an attractive, undervalued writer of prose that is bright, busy and allusive; despite a fine focus, it never congeals into denseness. *Quintet* covers the post-war era without any breathlessness, and its cliquey, interlocking worlds of politics, academic, and declining Empire give it an air of compressed Raven; but Raven without the improbable sex and nostalgic concept of the gentleman. The major difference, though, is in the sense of history: here the currents of the decades are more closely felt, the overarching classical comparisons avoided. Those who proceed from Mr Vansittart's Oxford to seize life's glittering second prizes enjoy representative experiences without being chopped into types or symbols. His narrative, leavened with an easy wit, lurks and meanders, at times almost too much like life for the good of his art; and the intermingling of public and private events is neatly worked. Not least, and rarely, the author percolates through his text in an agreeable fashion, emerging as subtle, well-informed, seriously gossipy, and impatient equally of cliché and packaged thought.

New Stories 1 is a praiseworthy Arts Council venture designed to counter the drying-up of the old story-mags; and usefully, many of the 39 stories printed (out of an entry of 700) are from debutant and semi-professional writers. The editors noted a high proportion of entrants who imagined themselves losing their jobs or murdering their employers: the nil survival rate of such stories indicates the difference between writing and quotidian fantasy. The only thematic trends I spotted in this variable but entertaining anthology were those of being thrown out of pubs and having one's wife walk out on one. Also noticeable is how few writers bother to grab you with an opening line (the excellent John Spurling's 'I am an old man now and have lived a boring life' is a rare exception).

Perhaps it's the baffling all-inclusiveness of the short story – everything goes here, from the overcultivated single thought to the over-condensed novella – that makes the success of these stories as unpredictable as their subject-matter; the editors appropriately quote Doris Lessing on finding it tougher to write to this length rather than novel-length. It's often easier to see what the short story is not: thus a rivettingly detailed account of pig-killing by G. Bosley leaves one merely thinking, shakenly, 'Gosh, how nasty pig-killing must be.' Interestingly, many of the best pieces here (notably by Isobel English, Jan Webster and David Holbrook) employ the traditional structure of two contrasted themes or groups of people, brought to some eventual fusion or dissolution. Not that that's much to go on for those lining up for *New Stories 2*.

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Films

Philip French

Penn International

The Missouri Breaks *Odeon, Leicester Square*

Enormous things were expected of *The Missouri Breaks* in America, and when the picture was found to be flawed, which it is, and sometimes incoherent, which it also is, the critics dismissed it as the cynical product of an agents' and producers' deal, of the kind which is said to be ruining Hollywood. There is no doubt some truth in this, yet given the talents involved one must look further, and see how and where they failed to jell. But one should first say that, scene by scene, the film is brilliant and that Michael Butler's superb photography creates a world somewhere between dreamy frontier romanticism and gritty realism that suggests the work of such Western painters as Charles Russell.

The original screenplay by the novelist Thomas McGuane is almost identical in plot to his modern Western *Rancho de Luxe*, seen earlier this year. An autocratic businessman-rancher, tired of being robbed by a band of charming rustlers (who are in fact his neighbours), hires a stock detective. This investigator, a conscious actor, hunts his quarries through a variety of elaborate stratagems and eventually brings them to book, largely for his own satisfaction, for he has along the way lost the confidence of his despised Eastern employee. In *Rancho de Luxe* the setting is contemporary Montana, the detective Slim Pickens and the treatment casually comic with elegiac undertones. In *Missouri Breaks* the setting is Montana in the 1880s, the detective (here called 'a regulator') Marlon Brando, and the tone casually tragic with comic overtones. In both a liberated young lady plays a mediating role, and the character actor Harry Dean Stanton rips off both ranchers. Both pictures are graced by McGuane's creative ear for idiosyncratic Western speech. No sentence is ever predictable unless that is the very point, as when at the wake for a slain ranch foreman, a guest says: 'He personified the American West in the days of its rowdy youth.'

Looked at in another way, as an Arthur Penn picture, the plot takes on a different significance. This is the basic Penn structrue that underlies all his pictures – *Bonnie and Clyde*, *Alice's Restaurant* and *Night Moves*, as obviously as his two previous Westerns, *The Left-Handed Gun* and *Little Big Man*. That is to say two cultures confront each other – a settled, social world growing increasingly authoritarian and a freewheeling anarchistic community that is becoming increasingly corrupt. Between these irreconcilable milieux a pair of contrasted (and mutually antagonistic) figures come and go, in often unhappy alliance with those they serve.

Nicholson brings to this film his own peculiarly compromised brand of Hollywood anarchy, at its most commercially strident in *Cuckoo's Nest*, its most quizzically uncomprehending in *Chinatown*, at its most institutionally frustrated in *The Last Detail*. But one must remember that ten years ago as actor, screenwriter and co-producer, Nicholson was involved in the production of a pair of low-budget Westerns, two of the most remarkable pictures ever realised in the genre, and drawing consciously on Camus and Beckett – Monte Hellman's *The Shooting* and *Ride in the Whirlwind*. Both films underpinned their elliptical absurdist plots with the kind of elusive (because never explained) historical detail in which *Missouri Breaks* abounds.

The introduction of Brando into the scheme is the joker, or perhaps the One-Eyed Jack. Twenty years back Brando couldn't even bring himself to tell Truman Capote that his first independent production was to be a cowboy picture. This year, however, after a second Western playing another sado-masochistic border hero in *South-West to Sonora*, Brando returns to the genre he despises fortified by his passionate commitment to the American Indian cause.

Unfortunately there are no Indians in the picture for him to orient himself by and there is apparently nothing positive for him to seize on in the character of Clayton, the regulator. So he transforms Clayton into a self-loathing eccentric who hates his employer Braxton even more than the horse-thieves he is hired to exterminate. In turning against himself in such a histrionic fashion, Brando has stumbled across – consciously or no – one of those key figures that recur in American literature and illuminate the national character. This is the confidence man, the charismatic chameleon of Twain and Melville who turns up in Barth, Pynchon and Nabokov, as well as such movies as *Little Big Man* and *Two-Lane Blacktop*.

And so Brando is never the same from one scene to the other. As he relentlessly hunts down the gang of happy horse-thieves in an unnecessarily varied fashion – he kills one in a privy, another in flagrante delicto, casts one loose in a river to drown, burns another live and then skewers him – he adopts a series of sadistic disguises that does not stop short of drag. At the end he gets his quietus in a showdown of quite literally breathcatching originality.

During the first half-hour of this two-hour picture one thinks (even hopes) that it will cohere around a very specific literary idea proposed in the opening reel. As the picture begins the rancher Braxton leads a condemned horse-thief to his executior through the verdant grasslands of Montana pausing to inform him proudly that in hi first year in Montana he transformed scrul into pasture and in the second he introduce '8,000 Texas half-breed cattle and 3,50 volumes of English literature in my library After the undramatic hanging he return home, removes his boots and asks hi daughter for his favourite novel, *Tristran Shandy*, the book that undermines literature just as Braxton's behaviour calls establishe society into question – and indeed Sterne' novel can be seen as an analogue of thi movie. A later scene depicting less peremp tory justice has Braxton in a bar-room cour urging a convicted felon to plead fo mercy: 'we would prefer something colour ful, life on the frontier being what it is'

Yet oddly enough the picture doesn' hang together for all the marvellous se pieces, the accomplished acting (a lovel performance by the newcomer Kathlee Lloyd as Braxton's daughter), Penn's ricl mise-en-scène and the baroque dialogue Where there should be tension, we ofte get only unease, and this is especially so i the scenes between Nicholson and Brando Nevertheless the picture is a work of com pelling interest, containing fine comed sequences that never get out of hand (train robbery that goes disastrously wron is far funnier, because far messier, tha anything in *Butch Cassidy*) and, in the affai between Jack Nicholson and the rancher' daughter, some of the tenderest, most trul affecting love scenes I have come across i a recent Western. At a single viewing any way, the constitutive elements remain a obdurately separate as the triple pun of th title – which refers to a geological forma tion in Montana, to the symbolic fracturin of the fluvial axis of America, and abov all to the ironic luck and licence of the cen tral characters.

John Coleman is ill.

Music

Bayan Northcott

Forever Lambent

Richard Strauss by MICHAEL KENNEDY *Den* £3.95
Feuersnot *Radio 3*
Capriccio *Glyndebourne*

'Eine Oper ist ein absurdes Ding,' sings th Count in *Capriccio* with mock-philistin exasperation as his more musical siste prepares to commission one. Typicall Strauss seizes this of all moments to insinu ate into the accompaniment the beautifu and solemn horn tune that is eventuall to burgeon in the opera's climactic inte lude. The operatic theatre was after all th one serious passion of his life. It was neithe the fall of the Kaiser nor the rise of Hitle but the bombing of the Munich Nationa Theatre in 1943 that finally brought hom to him the enormity of the social an political events that had been going o

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outside his 'happy workshop' for decades. Yet in another sense he had always agreed with the Count. Not for nothing was his favourite opera *Cosi fan tutte*; despite the *Verismo* potentialities of the early tone poems, Strauss's operas depend to an extraordinary degree upon the conscious exploitation of the conventions, artificialities and indeed absurdities of the medium. This is obvious enough, of course, in such pastiche works as *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Ariadne,* but the Viennese waltzes that masquerade as atavistic paroxisms in *Salome* and *Elektra* were surely introduced with a knowing ambiguity and even the 'profundity' of *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* has something of the aura of a vast try-on.

Strauss's one entirely serious opera, the *Parsifal* pastiche, *Guntram,* was in fact his very first. Despite its mild success in 1894, it has never really held the stage. Neither for that matter has the second, *Feuersnot,* the libretto of which is a somewhat laboured satire about a young sorcerer (apprentice to the great wizard, Richard von Wagner) who curses medieval Munich with fire famine until the Burgomaster's daughter yields her favours to him. Yet even in the somewhat rough Italian Radio recording under Peter Maag with its excruciatingly out of tune children's choruses, broadcast last Sunday afternoon, it was possible to appreciate the work's crucial importance in Strauss's development. Cast in the extended one-act format that he was to exploit in four of his later masterpieces, it already reverberates not only to whole sequences of gleeful waltzes but to that peculiar evanescent orchestral floridity that no other composer has ever quite succeeded in sustaining. And while the Midsummer Eve scenario could easily have meant imitation *Meistersinger,* Strauss's interweavings of Munich folksongs is already characteristic in its 'unsophisticated yet highly polished geniality', as Michael Kennedy puts it.

I like his new Master Musicians study very much; its informal prose packs a surprising density of facts and comments and reflects the affections of an enthusiast. Perhaps his treatment of certain works, such as *Intermezzo*, leans towards the indulgent – though Strauss's techniques for keeping going regardless do have a certain hypnotic fascination. But Kennedy is also surely right in revaluing the much-abused *Alpine Symphony* for 'a pantheistic spiritual exaltation not found again in Strauss's output until *Daphne*' – and, he might have added, some almost Ligeti-like innovations of texture. The strength of his approach, in fact, is its continual questioning of the received valuations, not least of these rarely played works of the Twenties and Thirties that are supposed to be so awful. 'There is endless fascination to be discovered in Strauss's re-exploration of himself in his last great period, in the consistently more subtle approach to his material,' he remarks in a defence of the 'cheerful mythology in three acts', *Die Liebe der Danae* that makes me long even more for a British production of Strauss's penultimate opera.

Glyndebourne's revival of the last one of all I find a little more questionable than three years ago – not the music, of course, but the way certain aspects of text and characterisation have been suppressed to lend consistency to John Cox's up-dating from pre-Revolutionary to post-first-world-war France. For instance, the spiteful, cigarette holder-twirling theatrical bag that Kirstin Meyer is required to make of Clairon hardly squares with the grave beauty of some of her phrases, her reputation as a great tragic actress or the young Count's undisguised interest in her. Still, the ardent Håkan Hagegård as the Count, and the warmly sonorous Marius Rintzler as the impresario La Roche (looking like a cross between Diaghilev and Sid James) repeat their splendid original performances, whilst Elisabeth Söderström defies time itself in the youthfulness and vocal freshness with which she assumes the Countess. So for that matter do Clemens Krauss's teasingly relativistic libretto and Strauss's uniquely lambent score under the loving direction of Andrew Davis. All those who continue to judge art on historical principles should be made to see it ten times.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Stringalong

The Jazz Guitar Album *Verve 2683 065* (2 LPs) £3.99
Wes Montgomery: Beginnings *Blue Note BN-LA-531-H2* (2 LPs) £4.75
John Abercrombie: Gateway *ECM 1061 ST* £3.85
Derek Bailey/Fred Frith/G. F. Fitzgerald/Hans Reichel: Guitar Solos *Caroline C1518* £1.59

Like the Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley pens, those treasures of Victorian technology, electricity appeared originally as a boon and a blessing. Especially to guitarists playing in jazz and dance bands during the 1920s. Up to then they had been virtually inaudible, which is why the banjo – more penetrating, a kind of musical razor-blade – usually got preferred. The arrival of the microphone not only enabled crooners to toss away their hand megaphones but meant that guitarists could take solos. Two major performers emerged rightaway: the Italian-American, Eddie Lang, and the black guitarist, Lonnie Johnson, a bluesman who went on to record with Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington.

Neither Lang nor Johnson is included in the Verve anthology but there is an example of the next innovator, Django Reinhardt, flamboyant yet melancholy, who widened the dynamic range, even sounding a shade theatrical. Yet if the microphone brought partial freedom for the jazz guitarist, it was only at the end of the 1930s that he achieved proper autonomy. That was when electrically amplified instruments became available, allowing a guitarist to compete on equal terms with trumpeters and saxophonists.

Charlie Christian was not the first man to play jazz on an amplified guitar, but he did invent a technique and vocabulary for the instrument – and all within the space of a couple of years, between joining Benny Goodman in the summer of 1939 and his death in 1942. Christian abandoned the old conception of guitar tone. He accepted the amplified sound on its own terms, creating solos – mostly using single lines – which had more in common with those of a saxophonist than the earlier species of guitarists, opting for lissomness rather than resonance. Paradoxically, Christian is the only guitarist in the Verve anthology who cannot be heard taking a full-length solo, yet his influence surfaces on almost every track in the album. Barney Kessel, Billy Bauer, Jimmy Raney, Kenny Burrell, Tal Farlow and Jim Hall are just half-a-dozen of the guitarists who fashioned their styles around Christian's.

The Fifties saw guitarists from outside jazz dabbling in the music. There was, for example, the way Spanish guitar playing – unamplified, not using a plectrum – got mingled with jazz by two Brazilians, Laurindo Almeida and Bola Sete, and by the eclectic Charlie Byrd. But those were peripheral activities. The mainstream was full of soloists who, like ticker-tape machines reeling off stock market prices, kept up a steady output of semiquavers: which made the arrival of Wes Montgomery even more refreshing. In later years Montgomery was to be packaged in bland surroundings, making the kind of music that oozes through lifts and supermarkets, but early recordings reveal a musician who, just like Charlie Christian, built a guitar style from the bottom upwards. He could keep up a flow of aggressive riffs or else rhapsodise with something of Reinhardt's zest – and his fondness for voicing in octaves.

Rock took over in the Sixties, fusing jazz and blues and country-and-western styles but also seeing amplification become a way of one-upping as much as a means to an end. The music produced its own innovators (Jimi Hendrix stands head and shoulders above the rest) whose techniques rubbed off on jazz guitarists, by now equally familiar with fuzz-boxes, wa-wa pedals and echo-loops. John McLaughlin (included in the Verve anthology) and John Abercrombie belong to this newer generation, phrasing unsymmetrically, often using clusters of notes rather than lines, putting together the musical equivalent of *non sequiturs* to achieve a different kind of narrative.

That particular search gets pursued further, and in other directions, by the four guitarists on the Caroline LP. Their music fits into no definable genre, but – in the cases of Frith, Reichel and Fitzgerald, at least – shares a few influences: the cyclical tintinnabulation of Balinese music for one, the nagging repetition of Terry Riley for another. Extremes are represented by Fred Frith's attempts at transforming the guitar – well, two guitars, actually – into an orchestra, and by Derek Bailey's patient spareness. Frith's urge towards the extravagant has its dangers, but happily a genuine imagination appears to be at work. If it seems glib to describe Fred Frith as the Berlioz of this particular musical territory, at least it allows one to compare Derek Bailey to Webern: not because of his methods but, and it is intended as a compliment, for the severity of the outcome.

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Radio

Peter Porter

Trust in US

Last Sunday's programme pages in the *Radio Times* were decorated with numerous eagle-beaked stele, a sure sign that the BBC wanted us to celebrate the American Bicentennial with proper thoroughness. Alas, that eagle, whatever he may have guaranteed for the television audience, proved no Good Housekeeping seal for radio listeners. Under its auspices, Jimmy Savile talked only to Americans, *In God We Trust* (Radio 4), a vision of American fundamentalism, took the place of the usual Sunday evening religious show, some old records of the Philadelphia orchestra under Stokowski were played, and a remarkably dull discussion on *The Americanness of American Music* was edited into shape from a conference at Keele University. Only three programmes which I heard (there was some inevitable overlapping) could be said to have used the eagle as anything more than a flag of convenience. *Insight* (Radio 1), which anatomises the world of pop music, had the good idea of making a collage of American radio – that is the commercial stations: the university broadcasters were ignored. After an hour of 'the wonders of American radio' (the *Radio Times*'s phrase), I was shattered to hear the presenter, Paul Gambaccini, state that British listeners envied the Americans their abundance, since they'd shown they just couldn't get enough rock and roll. Fortunately, he was answered by a worthy from WCFL, Chicago, issuing the warning that, among other dangers, too much rock and roll can make you sterile. This man's credentials were suspect, perhaps, since we heard him presiding over the transmogrification of WCFL from a rock station to a dispenser of round-the-clock 'beautiful music'. Stay tuned to WCFL, even if you love rock, because 'beautiful music' is the right music to make love to. WWRL, New York, broadcasts only soul; KRTH, Los Angeles, is Nostalgia Radio ('The Golden Oldies come bouncing back every day'). Then there's Casey Cason's (I may have spelled him wrongly) 'American Top Forty', the radio show on which the sun never sets. Never be out of earshot of it; write for a free World Wide Listening Directory. Los Angeles offers the most, including the running life story of a disc jockey named Wolfman Jack. What was so surprising about Mr Gambaccini's selections was the sheer amateurishness of it all. Capital Radio and Radio 1 have ten times the spirit and invention of these Americans. Even Station 4BK in my home-town, Brisbane, Queensland, formerly my definition of broadcasting ineptitude, seems like the Delphic Oracle to the taped awfulness of the American airwaves. The sheer quantity of the stuff broadcast is the only impressive thing about it.

American Salute (Radio 2) was said to be scripted by Benny Green. I can't believe it, since Mr Green is a man of wit, and this hour-long history of the United States in music, broadcast from the Golders Green Hippodrome, was soft-core facetiousness from start to finish. 'The Americans gave the Indians large reservations; the Indians, in turn, had large reservations about the Americans' – with jokes like that, it was as well that the BBC Concert Orchestra and the Radio Big Band broke in every couple of minutes. *The Great American Fourth of July Parade* (Radio 3) was a piece of Nostalgia Radio, too – a play in verse by Archibald MacLeish, in which John Adams and Thomas Jefferson came back to survey the state of the nation they brought into being in 1776. There was much deploring of wealth and weapons, and no pride at all in America's density of millionaires per square mile, but the promise was judged to be still intact. Lines like 'free men dedicated to freedom are already great' must be all but unspeakable, and it was hard to know when MacLeish was being ironical and when he was being serious. Nothing in his writing impressed me as much as the strange fact on which the play was based – that Adam and Jefferson died on the same day, 4 July 1826, exactly 50 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Last week Radio 4 (doing without an eagle's head) went through America as a cultural phenomenon in *God Bless America*. James Burke was the super-swift presenter, but the script was again jokey and puerile. If I were an American, living in England, I'd be offended at the silliness and triviality of BBC radio's programmes for the Bicentennial.

One of Radio 4's regular programmes which has just come to an end is *If You Think You've got Problems*. It raises, for me, the important issue of decency and appropriateness. It avoids showbiz techniques, dispenses good advice on the whole, and is seldom patronising or peremptory – yet I find the notion that people discussing their intimate emotional and sexual problems with counsellors over the air can be thought of as entertainment thoroughly disconcerting. It is another move towards eavesdropping as the most democratic form of broadcasting. Jenny, married to a heterosexual transvestite, discussed her problems with her husband and Drs Wendy Greengross and Paul Brown. Jenny sounded a paragon of sympathy and understanding – in fact, the people with the problems seem heartbreakingly real and show up the professional comforters every time. It is the attitude of us, at home, slowly turning into amateur clinicians, which I dislike. This is one programme I hope the BBC does not revive. I've left myself too little space to praise the finest piece of radio conversation I've heard for a long time – Radio 3's *Scientifically Speaking*, in which John Maddox talked to Dr William Hamilton and Professor John Maynard Smith on the phenomenon of 'altruistic' behaviour in some insects and animals. If only arts speakers could manage, as these scientists did, to be clear, poetic and disinterested at once. I made pages of notes, which are too complex to précis here, but the theme is one of enormous importance, namely, that our cultural evolution depends upon our biological natures. In consecutive sentences we were asked to contemplate the idea that 'a bee is a device invented by a gene to make more genes like itself' and that the behaviour pattern called love is in its turn a device to make *our* genes prosper – and that this was well known to St Augustine.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Yankee Go Home

'America is a land of extremes, from the (you name it) to the (you name it).' In brief this was the unctuous upshot of television's night-after-night scrutiny of the American character, bicentennial style, and by Sunday you'd have needed to be applying for a visa not to have felt some small upsurge of hatred for the Yank. Extraordinarily, the actual birthday seems to have passed without any violence in Grosvenor Square, but it must have been a closish thing. One more covered wagon, one more space station, one more senator munching a hot-dog, one more star or one more lousy stripe, and – who knows – a crazed nation might have taken to the streets.

'America suddenly today has a past' croaked James Burke on BBC-1's satellite delivered *Uncle Sam Celebrates*, a tedious collage of self-congratulation in which about the only moment of drama was the live birth of a (luckily also live) bicentennial baby – would it be another George Washington, asked the trying-to-sound-tense man from NBC (they'd hired the mum), or would it be . . . and sure enough, the poor chap turned out to be a girl. Burke had other thoughts with which to fill the gaps between superbly synchronised visits to Washington, Niagara Falls, the stupendous Grand Canyon and the rest, and they were out of the same bran-tub. It's common knowledge that the Americans have a lower level of patriotic rhetoric than any other country in the world and it was therefore more than just depressing to hear the Brits aping it on their behalf. A year ago, I seem to remember, it was usual practice to discuss the sickness lurking in the American psyche, and to speak airily of a nation committing suicide (and, while they were at it, murder). Rarely during the bicentennial banquet, was any of this very recently felt contempt allowed to show itself. Presumably, that's what Burke means by having 'a past'; when you're 200 it's bad form to go on about the things you did when you were a mere sprig of 199.

One of the more eccentric (and, it seemed at first, somewhat more abrasive) contributions to the fest was the opening show in BBC-2's *Happy Birthday America* series. Most of it was taken up with slow-motion sequences of dune-buggies plunging in and out of the shifting/whisperings, and there was more than a hint of ad-agency gloss about the tricksy camera-work, but one section had an interesting angle. Apparently the University of Michigan stages an annua

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football game between students and 'The Pigs' – the fixture developed from a Sixties-type campus confrontation (shots of riot police – looking less fearsome than the footballers – were used to remind us what all that was like) and is now a useful channel for the aggressions of both parties. Every year so far, the cops had been routed, but this year – correctly enough – they were 14-0 ahead. We were shown the last five minutes of the game, in which the students rioted back to within one point of a draw; it was one of the most riveting bits of sports-reporting I've seen for some time, and the victor/vanquished close-ups afterwards made our Wembley dressing-room intrusions look simperingly boyish.

The same programme began with an engaging shot of six Hell's Angels piling out of a saloon and casually beating an old man to the ground. Since they all six looked fearsomely drunk, this was a telling postcript to the programme that had gone before: *Panorama*'s study of teenage drinking habits. Compared to the HAs, our teeny-boozers seemed loweringly harmless; pimpled girls confessing to clandestine gins-and-orange (touching that the little mites, when quizzed on what they put away, all seemed to like a dash of 'pop' with it), and the odd delinquent admitted that he wouldn't have done what he had done had it not been that he was pissed. Sociologists and magistrates arrived to present statistics on the number of ten-year-olds who have experienced one or more hangover in the past year, and there was a good deal of worry about the possible effect on academic standards. We didn't see any bona fide teenage alcoholics; the best that could be mustered were some admonitory tales from grown-up addicts who had started young. Much of the blame for the whole phenomenon of teenage drinking was laid at the doors of the new-style disco pubs, where the strobe lights can't quite tell the difference between a 14-year-old (who's allowed in but can't drink) and an 18-year-old. The police clearly don't feel inclined to mount raids upon such places, and the publicans are too busy counting the proceeds. What to do? Lower the allowed-to-drink age to 14 so that when the pubs close the little ones can carry on afterwards in the more congenial atmosphere of their local youth club? This was one social worker's suggestion, and the kids interviewed thought it very sound. Another recommendation was that primary schools should introduce drink-information lessons into their curricula. David Dimbleby was worried that this might make further unpleasant inroads on the natural innocence of childhood. Altogether, a fairly meandering and shallow investigation; certainly, it would have helped to have had some figures from other countries, countries unprotected by licensing laws. Here at least you can't steel yourself for morning assembly with a quick one in The Old Dun Cow.

Those who find the Liberals more Toytown than Westminster will have enjoyed the great Steel/Pardoe debate on *Tonight* last week. Robin Day, as grumpily bullying as ever, did his best to lash the nice guy into being not so nice and the bastard into further bastardy. What about this hairpiece, he would growl; Steel would shamefacedly equivocate, and Pardoe would divulge a 'human' laugh: 'I'm as bald as an egg. I've got false teeth, a wooden leg . . .' That sort of thing. On the 'issues' – whatever they may be – both contenders agreed that they agreed with each other, but Pardoe thought he probably wanted a bit more *change*. Steel protested that he too was keener on change than he got credit for. 'All right' snapped Day 'name one change you believe in that he doesn't!' Pardoe thought swiftly and then (with what he thinks of as his 'usual flamboyance'): 'Well, we both really agree, but he doesn't *look* like the instrument of change.' Cut to Steel, smiling modestly.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Exiles

Emigrés *Young Vic*
The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant *New End*
Amy and the Price of Cotton *Theatre Upstairs*
White Liars and **Black Comedy** *Shaw*

I confess to a mild prejudice against a play whose only two characters are called AA and XX. Such stuff tends to make me go ZZ. But after a longish, slowish start Mrozek's *Emigrés* turns out to be neither abstract nor boring. AA, who is Jim Norton armed with dark glasses and an educated sneer, is a political refugee, and XX, Brian Cox with greasy hair and a Glasgow-slum growl, is the sort of migrant wage-slave who may be found in many of the richer European nations, building tower blocks or digging sewers. Their somewhat unlikely cohabitation begins with bickering about food and rent, becomes a New Year's booze-up, and ends with the discussion about freedom and captivity that, given Mrozek's own status as an emigré from Poland, we should have expected all along. Both men, it emerges, feel more trapped in the liberal West than by any tyranny of secret police and one-party bureaucrats: the writer can't write, the labourer misses his family. A second and perhaps less persuasive conclusion is that it is bovine, lumpen XX who retains the more independence of soul in exile, and clever, contemptuous AA who is doomed to envy him from his intellectual icebox. At this point one might be inclined to accuse Mrozek of sentimentality, even self-pity; but there's a toughness, an unaffected humanity about both his writing and Kevin Billington's production that sweeps away seven-eighths of the objection. It is a most absorbing contribution to the National Theatre's summer season at the Young Vic.

Delphine Seyrig, her voice a breathless purr, spends *Bitter Tears* in, on and around a rather lush bed, meeting, seducing, losing and mourning a bitch-goddess by name of Karin:

> Oh, Petra, let me go, I haven't brushed my teeth yet.
> *I* could be with you for all eternity.

That, it seems, is Rainer Werner Fassbinder's idea of the language of passion and rejection – or should we blame his translator, Anthony Vivis? As a result of their joint efforts, the most interesting character turns out to be, not the anguished and finally berserk protagonist, nor her spoiled minion, nor the chunky lady who stalks onstage to declare 'my daughter loves a girl – God, how dreadful!', but a factotum and dogsbody who says not one word from first to last and does little but make drinks, bring coffee and radiate numb, blank adoration in the direction of her employer. Angela Pleasence, red-eyed and severely suited, minces through the part, a stark example of Lesbian desire frustrated and frustration bravely endured. We are evidently to contrast her uncomplaining silence with the noise and arrogance of Petra in precisely the same predicament: a task that might, however, be easier if Petra's predicament were presented more fully, more subtly, and in less decrepit dialogue.

Of course, the language problem is pretty universal nowadays. Dramatist after dramatist sits at his typewriter, full of ideas and good intentions, only to find a sort of verbal curare rubbing off his ribbon, paralysing the play. Some such poison has reduced *Bitter Tears* to melodrama and it, too, is largely responsible for the banality of much of *Amy and the Price of Cotton*. This won its author, Michael McGrath, the George Devine Award, a vote of confidence I presume to be based on promise rather than achievement, his arrestingly eccentric attitude to sex rather than proven ability to transform eccentricity into drama. Amy leaves her uxorious husband for a young artist who draws pictures of her expiring on the gallows, as well as one of her urinating into a pot. She also becomes nurse to an elderly gent who flails at her feet bawling 'kick me, piss on me, shit on me'. Her lover promptly dies, perhaps with some help from her, and she returns to her husband, whom she coyly invites upstairs with a reassuring 'you wouldn't have to put it in, if you didn't want to.'

Since the time is 'the 1870s', Mr McGrath presumably wants to remind us of the worms in the dark-stained woodwork, the secret holes in Victorian respectability; but his plot is sketchy, his prose anachronistic, dull and flabby, as if his ears were packed with jelly and the fingers on his Olympia made of it. Nor is he greatly helped by Celia Gregory's Amy, more Miss Muffett blinking at spiders than a young woman with sufficient sensuality to disturb and provoke men.

The Shaw's continuing attempt to establish which modern plays are also modern classics has now reached Peter Shaffer, not the most rewarding destination. *White Liars* remains a miss; but *Black Comedy* is a palpable hit in spite of a production that confirms my suspicion that it's 15 or 20 minutes too long. If Shaffer had continued to write as unpretentiously and entertainingly as this, we might now be able to claim him as a major exponent of a minor genre instead of a minor of a major.

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Architecture

Richard Hewlings

Popular Front

According to National Theatre legend, Denys Lasdun was chosen as its architect by announcing at his first meeting with the South Bank Board that he was not a theatre architect, and that he proposed to spend two years researching what *they* wanted. This would appear to be three theatres of different shapes, each with perfect acoustics and perfect sight lines, side stages, rehearsal rooms, workshops, stores, dressing rooms with both natural and artificial light, and a technology which includes such wizard items as a lighting board with a computerised memory, capable of being adjusted during the performance to suit the performers' tempo. Had it all been left to Theatre Projects Consultants Ltd., the technical consultants, the theatre-goers would doubtless have had much the same for their money. Apart, that is, from the architecture, which is very much Lasdun's. The idiom is International Brutalist, the child of Chandigarh.

The celebrated horizontality, for instance, so pronounced in photographs and from across the river, and which will become more pronounced once the trees on the riverside walk grow up, is less noticeable from directly in front. Here the upper decks, recessed behind the middle one, are invisible. The spectacle is dominated instead by towering shafts of shutter-patterned concrete and dizzily cantilevered stairs. The air exhaust duct hums inexorably, completing the impression of standing below the flight deck of an aircraft carrier. This Piranesian effect is not peculiar to Lasdun. It is the effect aimed at by Tange, by Kallmann, McKinnell and Knowles, in fact by the whole worldwide Brutalist brotherhood.

But at the National Theatre it is obliged to undergo some significant modifications. The first of these is readily appreciable looking at the agreeable ambiguity set up between internal floors and external balconies, and noticing that this stops abruptly as soon as these horizontal planes come up against the auditoria. From there on the requirements of the theatre allow no more playing about with spatial sculpture. Standing in the foyer common to both the Lyttelton and the Olivier theatres, at one moment with three feet of clear air over your head, at another with 30, wondering behind which caisson lurks your seat, mackintosh, or open sandwich, it is at first very confusing. But, working it all out, its logic and its very considerable subtlety become apparent. In a building of such immense and intriguing complexity it is difficult to distinguish between what the architect was required to do, and what he just felt like doing, but nonetheless the NT gives the impression of being less wilful and mannered than the Hayward Gallery/Queen Elizabeth Hall complex next door. If this is so it may be because theatres allow their designer less latitude than concert halls, and very much less than art galleries.

The building is most obviously Brutalist where it is least obviously a theatre. Seen from the river, whence it is most clearly Lasdun's, there is little beyond the fly-towers to tell you it is one at all. Personally, I do not see the moral opprobrium attached to disguising banks as temples, or churches as dance halls, but it was a platitude of Lasdun's generation that buildings should express externally the internal functions of their parts. Even the Paris Opéra, built at a period when functional deceit was a highly accomplished skill, is more easily read from the outside.

Then there is the matter of the finish. Perambulating the exterior, it is possible to get a glimpse of the hideous London Weekend Television tower sticking up between the NT's fly-towers. The former, which appears to have been polished by some long-serving housemaid, proclaims itself at once as low-brow, commercial architecture. The latter, with the texture of an unglazed pot, speaks the language of Hampstead or Dartington. It is, as any fule no, externally finished in shutter-patterned concrete. It comes as no great surprise to find that, internally, it is also finished in shuttered-patterned concrete save for a few areas of wall which are swathed in brown hessian. In the Lyttelton theatre the shuttering pattern becomes so artful that no doubt the audience spends the interval working out whether or not it is actually symmetrical. I can hardly be such a spoilsport as to reveal the answer. The frontstage typography tells a similar story: it is typewriter lettering, in highly polished stainless steel. Backstage, however, such refinements seem as far away as a Greek holiday. Here all is smooth white plaster and vinyl floor tiles, the external complement of which is an extremely utilitarian grey brick.

Now this division between frontstage and backstage seems particularly significant in view of the NT's aim of attracting people other than the immediate audience to use it as a social centre. Or, to put it more cynically, it hopes to boost its takings by providing eight bars, two buffets, a bookshop, a restaurant, and a superb view of the City. Since the only buffet operative at my visit sold exclusively Danish open sandwiches at over 13 shillings each, it is clear that the Frontstage Fun Palace is going to have rather limited class appeal. (The cafeteria at the Festival Hall which, by contrast, offers everything from biscuits and pies to Boeuf Bourguignon, is noticeably more crowded.) I do not know what a genuinely populist architecture is, but I am fairly sure that working-class parents, tired of having their children's elbows scraped by shutter-patterned concrete, would probably prefer the imported Carrara marble cladding chosen by the even more extravagant Nigerian National Theatre.

Weekend Competition

No 2420 **Set by Gerry Hamill**

The Coal Board want the Electricity Board to use more coal. The Electricity Board says not on your nelly. Both want the Gas Board to raise its prices. The Gas Board says not bloody likely. We'd like some Gilbertian lyrics on the subject please – 20 lines limit by 23 July.

Result of No 2417 **Set by P. W. R. Foot**

Mrs Thatcher referred to the adventures of 'Denis in Wonderland'. Competitors were asked to provide extracts from a book of this title, or from fairy stories featuring other public figures.

Report **by Blackbird**

A week for regulars – to whom £5 each, before it shrinks to nothing.

'What goes up must come down,' said Emty Denty, 'including prices.' 'Not till *we* get back,' said Malice. 'And,' continued Emty, 'what goes down must come up. Including pounds.' 'You can't say that,' snapped Malice, 'it's unscientific.' 'I can say what I like,' replied Emty, 'I hold the purse strings.' 'That's no credit,' sneered Malice, 'an empty purse.' 'There *is* credit,' crowed Emty, '3000 million.' 'My left foot,' neighed Malice. 'Contrariwise,' said Emty, '*our* left Foot unfortunately. Foot and Mouth.' 'That's a disease,' objected Malice. 'A kind of Astmsa,' Emty agreed. 'But of cows,' Malice insisted. 'Heffers too,' said Emty, and, losing his cool, hissed 'You effer, you effer, you effer.'

TOM BREWER

From Harold in Erewhon

'*Lords* Hanky and Panky, I presume?' They looked grave. 'Not yet, thank Ydgrun whispered Hanky. 'But it could happen' shuddered Panky. 'You *fear* ennoblement?' asked Harold, puzzled. 'Who wouldn't?!' they cried 'Acceptance obligatory' moaned Hanky. 'Royal command' groaned Panky. 'Confiscation of all your property if you refuse' sighed Hanky. 'The compulsory Installation Fee' keened Panky. 'Utterly crippling!' they chorused '£25,000 for a Thignk, £50,000 for a Tenorab, £100,000 for a Norab, £250,000 for a Lrae!' recited Hanky in tones of mounting despair. 'And if the Gnik and Neeuq take a *real* dislike to you and sentence you to be made an Ekud – it's a cool million!' gasped Panky, almost fainting at the prospect.

COLIN KIMBERLEY

Frank and Mark were attempting to force Pound's head into the tea-pot and he was protesting feebly. 'Silence, dumkopf!' shouted Mark, 'Resistance is in vain. You only make matters worse.' Pound's grumbles ceased. 'And no wonder,' thought Denis. 'His head has quite disappeared. If he did speak the words would have to come out through the "spout".' 'That's sho' nuff de best place fo' him.' said the Mad Dollar. 'Ef dat snake come he won't look in no tea-pot.' 'Tell me, please,' said Denis, 'How can you expect to fit Pound into such a very small pot?' There was a pregnant pause and then Mark began to beat time on the table with a spoon and the three hard currencies burst into song. At first Denis could not distinguish the words but he recognised the tune as the chorus ended the first verse: 'Shrinking, shrinking, s-h-r-i-n-k-i-n-g!'

JOHN STANLEY

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Assiac

Chess Board

No 1389 **Readers' Own**

High time to dig into that great big treasure trove – well, that medium-size envelope – containing entries for an overdue 'R.O.' piece, such as one sent in by D. Berdy who in a recent Hammersmith tournament (White against Wilcox) reached this position. /r1r4k/2qkt4/4Q3/5p1P/pP1P1b2/B7/P1pR3Kt/2K2R2/.

1) Rf4:!,Qf4:; 2) d5! (Not immediate Bb2 countered by . . . a3),**Kte5** (threatening ††); **3) Bb2, Re8; 4) Be5:†,Qe5:; 5) Qh6†,Kg8; 6) Rg2†,** etc.

Another well-earned voucher will go to Eric Allan for an interesting game in which, Black against Peter Jamieson, he got the better of one of Scotland's best players, winner of the 1973 championship.

1) e4,c5; 2) Ktf3,Ktc6; 3) d4,cd:; 4) Ktd4:,Ktf6; 5) Ktc3,e6; 6) g3d6; 7) Bg2,Be7; 8) Ktc6:,bc:; 9) e5,Ktd5; 10)ed:,Bd:; 11) Kte4,Ba6!;12) Be3,0-0; 13) Ktd6:,Qd:; 14) Qd4,Kte3:!! Quite a 'bombshell' evidently not anticipated by White. Now 15) Qe3 would obviously be bad on account of . . . Qb4†. In the game White accepted the sacrifice; relatively better was probably 15) fe: even though after the Q-swop and . . . Rd8 it gives Black a very comfortable game. The actual sequel was **15) Qd6:, Ktg2:†; 16) Kd2,Rad8; 17) Qd8:,Rd8:†; 18) Kc3, Be2; 19) Rg1,Bf3;** and in due time Eric managed to extricate his Kt and to win the game.

And here's a match game won by our Tourney-Judge Adam Sobey, (White against Manning).

1) e4,e5; 2) Ktf3,Ktc6; 3) Bb5,a6; 4) Ba4,Ktf6; 5) 0-0,Kte4:; 6) d4,b5; 7) Bb3,d5; 8) de:,Be6; 9) c3,Bc5 More usual is . . . Kta5 followed by . . . c5; **10) Qe2,0-0; 11) Ktbd2, Bf5** Interesting but questionable; **12) Kte4:,de:; 13) Ktg5,Qd3!; 14) Qd3:, ed:; 15) Bd5,Rad8!; 16) Bc6:,d2; 17) Bd2:,Rd2:; 18) b4,Bb6; 19) Ktf3,Rc2; 20) Bb7,a5; 21) Ktd4, Bd4:; 22) cd:, ab:; 23) Bd5,Rd8; 24) Bb3,Rd2; 25) Rac1, Rd7?** Decisive blunder; he should have played . . . Rd4:; **26) d5,Kf8; 27) Rfe1,Ke7; 28) Rc6,Kd8; 29) f3,Bd3; 30) Ra6,Bc4?;** and how now White forced immediate surrender by his next move might serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 ladder-points **B** is a draw, neatly achieved in a mere three moves. Obviously a stalemate. In action-packed **C** – most of the action on Black's side – it takes eight moves to achieve the stalemate. Usual prizes, entries by 19 July.

B: N. Stcherbina 1952: /4k3/16/5kt2/8/R2pp2K/16/.

C: A. O. Herbstmann 1928: /8/P7/16/2p5/1pk3b1/2P1r3/Kt1K3B1/.

Report on No 1386 *Set 18 June*

A: 14) . . .Rh1!! 15) Rh1: (Nothing else) **,g2; 16) Rf1,Qh4†;** etc.

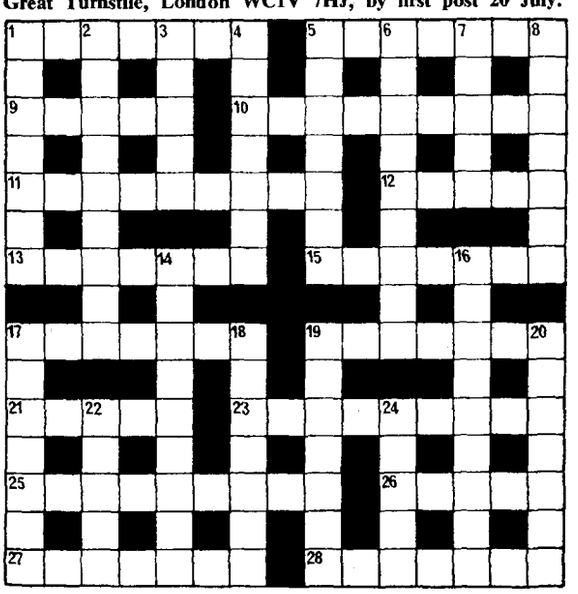
B: 1) g6†!,Kh6! (Best, since . . .Kg8 fails against 2) Rb7 & 3) Rb8, whereas . . .Kg6: is countered by 2) Rc6† & 3) Ra6); **2) Rc3!,Ra7:; 3) Ra3:!!,** etc.

C: f7,Rf7:; 2) Be7!,Rh7; 3) b7,Rh8; 4) Ktf5†, Kg6 (best); **5) Ktd6** (threat Ktc8) **,Rb8; 6) Bd8!, Rd8:; 7) Ktc8** (Finis? Not quite) **,Rd4!; 8) Kte7††** (That does it) **,K** any; **9) Kte6,etc.**

Bouquets for **B** and/or **C**. Prizes: E. Allan, M. Contacans, M. P. Furmston, G. W. Richardson and newcomer S. Turney. While I am abroad for a few weeks entries to be forwarded on time must reach the office Monday afternoon.

Weekend Crossword 1172

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1172, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 20 July.



ACROSS

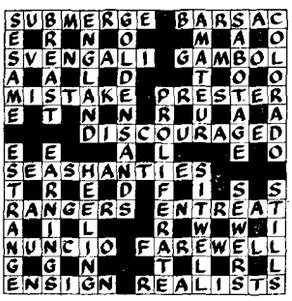
1. Dissenter shows that God holds everything back (7).
5. Tried to find food for the elderly (7).
9. Cockney resorts for women of an older generation (5).
10. A lot of pushing types (9).
11. Wrongly chose poor means of telling the future (9).
12. Girl from Lancashire needs help (5).
13. Give red variety for this is what the deviationist does (7).
15. Make more in what may make less seats (7).
17. Vegetable or animal keeping one company inside (7).
19. Favourable transaction brings profit to the pub (7).
21. Woman's name which is the reverse of a saint's (5).
23. Operatic character who would be less pale if he lost weight (9).
25. What soldiers may do to make lochs warm (4, 5).
26. Dish which made wartime ruler sick (5).
27. Produced and gave up (7).
28. Teams in which they feel even Scotland is superior (7).

DOWN

1. One article in the cargo is unpopular (7).
2. And redhead is embraced by admirer in car (9).
3. Girls who lose their heads are fools (5).
4. 'What th'unsearchable —— Of highest wisdom brings about' (Milton) (7).
5. Instrument used as piano among serving men (7).
6. What's left is an article in the memorandum (9).
7. Darling cricketer (5).
8. Engines become extinct and are modified less (7).
14. Five hundred mile race possibly won back again (9).
16. The most foolish however (9).
17. Candour throws the nosy into confusion (7).
18. Bureaucratic formalities put in wrong order and gradually diminished (7).
19. In death she is a wailer (7).
20. State in which no more can be done (7).
22. In what is achieved queen makes up for idler (5).
24. Standard bird (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1170



Prizewinners to No 1170

Martin Sherwood (Berkhamsted)
Jack Padwa (Tel Aviv)
Mrs M. Grimes (Lincoln)

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STUDENT reqs room & use of facils in return reasonable rent & babysitting/household duties NW10 area. Aug. only. Box 4596.

POSTGRAD, seeks room in house/flat, convenient Enfield Poly. Mid-Sept. Box 4635.

POLY LECT. (M.) seeks room in flat/house for sabbatical term from 1 Sept. Write L. Gore, Dept of Humanities, Newcastle-upon-Tyne Polytechnic.

AMERICAN FAMILY OF FOUR (no young children), require comfortable, furnished accommodation in N. London for 1 year from August. Careful and responsible tenancy assured. Ring 828 9892 evenings.

HOUSE FOR EXCHANGE: convenient to Philadelphia, 2-3 bdrms, Jan-July 1977, for similar London. Dr. Scull, 218 West Conestoga Road, Devon, PA., USA 19333.

NORWEGIAN PROFESSOR on sabbatical, seeks furnished house/flat central London for 1 year from 1 Sept. 1976. Family of 3. Write Dr Nilsen, Dept of English, University of Trondheim, 7000 Trondheim, Norway.

SWEDISH MALE STUDENT, 32, prospective language teacher, 'in pursuit of the English' is looking for a family in London/Cambridge willing to take him as a boarder (bed & breakfast) during a brief stay (3 weeks) in August. Sonny Larsson, Tunastigen 9BV, S-95158 Lulea, Sweden.

FINNISH ACADEMIC COUPLE, 2 sons 7 & 9 years, seek 2-4 bedroom c.h. house, Central, easy reach Bloomsbury, for 1 year from September 1976. Exchange possible 3-bedroom apartment Helsinki. Dr S. Kontiainen, Dept of Serology & Bacteriology, University of Helsinki, Haartmanink 3 00290, Helsinki 29, Finland.

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APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

LECTURESHIP/ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION

Applications are invited for a Lectureship/Assistant Lectureship in Public Administration tenable in the Department of Political Science.

Annual salaries (superannuable) (currently under review) are: Lecturer: HK$48,960 x 3,300 — 55,560 BAR 58,860 x 3,300 — 75,360 x 3,360 — 82,080; Assistant Lecturer: HK$35,760 x 3,300 — 45,660. (£1=HK$9.00 approx.). Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, or the Assistant Secretary (Recruitment), University of Hong Kong, Hong Kong. Closing date for applications is 6 August 1976.

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS, HAMMERSMITH

The former BBC Television Studios in Hammersmith are to be re-opened as a Community Arts Centre.

An Artistic Director is required to formulate creative policies for the Centre, plan its opening and development, and direct its day to day running. Applicants should have a high degree of personal creativity and a commitment to the widest involvement of the local population in the activities of the Centre. Salary negotiable. Applicants should write, giving full details of previous experience, to Sir Hugh Willatt, Chairman of the Trustees, Riverside Studios, Crisp Road, Hammersmith, W6.

Have you had previous training or experience in community development, youth work, education, employment, housing or social services? Or practical experience with minority ethnic groups and their organisations?
The Community Relations Commission in conjunction with the following community relations councils invites applications from men and women under 60 for the following posts:

Community Relations Officers

(1) **Harrow Community Relations Council** (AP5-SO1 £3825-£4545+£261 London Weighting)

This officer will act as Secretary to the Council and be directly responsible to the Executive Committee for the Council's programme of work.

(2) **Merseyside Council for Community Relations** (Youth speciality) (AP4-5 £3366-£4095)

This Council, with an ethnic minority population established for several generations, seeks a Deputy to the Senior CRO in organising general activities and with a special responsibility for developing the youth programme.

(3) **Waltham Forest Community Relations Council** (AP4-5 £3366-£4095+£261 London Weighting)

Responsible to the Senior CRO for activities at the Community Relations Centre, including supervision of specialist staff and liaison with voluntary groups.

Assistant Community Relations Officers

(AP2 £2529-£2853 rising to AP3 £2922-£3282 after satisfactory completion of initial training period: normally 18 months)

(1) ***Barking Community Relations Council*** (+ £261 London Weighting)

Special responsibility for work with young Asians.

(2) **Gravesend & District Community Relations Council**

(3) **Lothian Community Relations Council** (Edinburgh)

The officers in Barking, Gravesend and Lothian will be responsible to the CRO for general duties, including community and educational activities, work with voluntary groups and professional agencies and some sub-committee and case work.

(4) **Manchester Council for Community Relations**

Assistant Community Relations Officer (Administration). Responsible to the Principal CRO for organisation of the office of this Council with more than 20 staff. Knowledge of accountancy and office administration essential.

Successful applicants for all posts will be expected to undertake an initial residential training course. Contributory pension scheme. Secretarial help and office accommodation. All posts are expected to carry a £312 per annum earnings supplement from 1 July.
Applicants should be able to take up their posts as soon as possible. Further details and application forms, to be returned not later than 28 July 1976, from

Development Division, Community Relations Commission, 15/16 Bedford Street, London, WC2E 9HX.

Community Relations Commission

HOUSING RESEARCH OFFICER

£4,095 — £4,788 p.a.

Needed within the Research Unit of Camden's Housing Department, which is responsible for the provision of intelligence, the monitoring and analysis of activities and policies and applied research on a wide range of housing matters. Will work as a member of a team, but with primary responsibility for particular projects.

Applicants should have a degree in the social sciences (or equivalent qualification), some previous relevant experience and competence in basic statistical methods.

Situated centrally in the WC1 area, the post offers a 35 hour week, generous leave arrangements and season ticket loan scheme. Car allowance payable for authorised use of own car.

Closing Date: 22 July
Ref. No. 7/10/NST.

For application form please telephone our 24-hour recruitment answering service 01-837 9988 or send postcard to the Director of Central and Management Services, London Borough of Camden, Town Hall, Euston Road, London NW1 2RU, stating post and reference number.

TRADE UNION ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

An opportunity exists for a young university graduate to be employed in a trade union research department for a period of two years in the first instance. Responsibilities of the post, will be broadly based but successful applicants degree should contain a good grounding in economics. The applicant must also have sympathy with the trade union movement and its objectives.

Salary scale will be: £4,564; £4,649; £4,739.

Appointment will be subject to satisfactory completion of a probationary period of six months.

Applications please to:
The General Secretary, Union of Post Office Workers, UPW House, Crescent Lane, Clapham, London SW4 9RN. Not later than 23 July 1976.

COLLEGE LEAVER Secretaries preferring Social Services, Charities and The Arts in general will prefer to find their first post through the College Leaver Specialists at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, London EC4. 01-353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005.

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE

AN ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

is required for the Information and Documentation Department. Applicants should be qualified librarians with some practical experience and a knowledge of film literature. Duties include cataloguing, classification and organising of Library routines. Typing, and a reading knowledge of foreign languages, would be useful.

21 days holiday. Free tickets to National Film Theatre. Salary c. £3,470. Application forms for return by 23 July, from Personnel Dept. 81 Dean Street, London W1V 6AA. Tel: 01-437 4355.

NATIONAL SOCIETY for Autistic Children Dodisham (Termly) Residential School. 2 Housefathers required for September, to complete a team of 12 for this school o 35 autistic children. Apply in writing to the Principal, for further details. Slinfold Horsham, Sussex, RH13 7RA.

STELLA FISHER BUREAU – next week o as long as you like. Contented temps. Short hand/audio/copy/clerical/switchboard. Al skills well paid and well received throughou London. Stella Fisher Bureau, 110 Strand WC2. 01-836 6644.

A HOSTEL for the mentally ill in Islington can offer a residential post for suitable student or younger person with interests in this field. Post entails coverage from 7 p.m. some light domestic duties until around 12 midnight and help with breakfast five nights a week. Board and lodging provided. Salary negotiable. Successful applicant must be responsible and have initiative in dealing with a variety of situations which may occur Apply Box 4637.

RUDOLF STEINER Curative Home, 20 miles from Edinburgh, seeks a Houseparent 21 years or older, either with experience or willing to learn, to work with mentally handicapped children. Minimum period of stay 1 year. Apply The Secretary, Garvald School, Dolphinton, West Linton EH46 7HJ

BOOKSHOP CO-MANAGER needed for Centerprise community project. Experience less essential than a critical approach to book content. Knowledge of children's books a *particular advantage*. Job also involves work in other areas of project. Details from Centerprise, 136 Kingsland High Street, London, E8 2NS. 01-254 9632.

INTERVIEWERS – MARKET RESEARCH (Part-time), wanted in following areas, London & SE, Midlands & North. Experience essential. Reply Mrs King Box 4590.

IBM COMPOSER OPERATOR or very fast typist who wants to learn setting. £71 p.w Shifts, 7-3, 2-10. Office in Holborn. 405 4498.

P.A. SECRETARY required by enterprising man in Bloomsbury involved in engineering, traffic, higher education and publishing Flexible, pleasant conditions – age immaterial. Phone 01-636 2127.

TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL WORK through Covent Garden Bureau, offers the best scope to the London Secretary/Typist. Join us now for the summer. Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street, EC4. 01-353 7696

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals, perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

Confederation of Health Service Employees

Trainee Editorial Assistant/Assistant Editor

The Confederation of Health Service Employees – COHSE – is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Services staffs with over 185,000 members.

Two years ago we set up an Editorial Department to handle **Health Services**, the union's monthly newspaper, and the whole of COHSE's publications programme – ranging from recruitment literature and publicity material, through to printed handbooks and information leaflets for our members.

We're now looking for an **Editorial Assistant** to train in all aspects of the work of the department – with the main emphasis on compiling news and feature content for our newspaper. Ideally, therefore, the *successful candidate would have had some* 'journalistic' experience – say, on a student newspaper or house magazine – and would be able to type, although neither of these attributes is essential.

Salary and promotion prospects are good. The starting salary will be commensurate with current graduate starting salary levels, and a job description is available. The successful candidate will be invited to apply for the post of Assistant Editor after twelve months' initial training.

Applications in writing, including curriculum vitae and samples of published work (if any), to The General Secretary, COHSE, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, SM7 2LH, **not later than Monday 19th July, 1976.**

COHSE: Britain's NHS trade union

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Write immediately giving details of qualifications and experience to the Principal.

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3/6 Alfred Place, London WC1E 7ED.

SOLON HOUSING ASSOCIATION

ACCOUNTANT

Solon is a housing association organised as a tenant/worker co-operative. There is a high level of tenant involvement in its management, and the principle of operating in small area-based groups is firmly established.

We are seeking an accountant to co-ordinate the accounting and financial activities for the Wandsworth group of the Association, and who will make a positive contribution to the development of the Association.

We can offer a flexible working environment in a unique housing organisation. Salary around £4,000. Please apply in writing giving details of experience and qualifications to Jillian Case,
Solon Housing Association Limited, 3 Station Parade, Balham High Road, London SW12.

OXFAM

PRODUCER LIAISON OFFICER

(TO DEVELOP PRODUCTS FROM THIRD WORLD COUNTRIES)

BRIDGE is an OXFAM initiative which provides a trading partnership between producers in poor countries and customers in other parts of the world. Already one of the largest British importers and retailers of Third World handicrafts, BRIDGE is now about to develop a wider range of merchandise including household products.

For this work we seek someone with commercial experience and flair to develop the project with overseas producers. This would require frequent visits abroad occupying about one-third of the time. Experience of developing countries and knowledge of small scale co-operative and community projects would be an advantage.

Please reply giving relevant details of experience to: Miss Jean Baker, Personnel Officer, OXFAM, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford. Please quote ref: NS/B.

Appointments Wanted

EFFICIENT GRAD., stud. in English Lit. sks research position. Secretarial, bibliog. exper. Summer/Autumn. London. Refs. 837 9034.

MEDITATOR, 30 (daughter 3) seeks work abroad. BSc. Playgroup, tutoring, crafts, gardening. Adaptable. Box 4627.

LIBRARIAN, (f.), qualified, graduate (English, Medieval studies), bookselling experience; interests literature, art, esp. stained glass, religion, history; seeks employment preferably Northern England, anywhere considered; library, museum, bookshop, research etc. Box 4585.

WOULD TWO LABOUR MPs like to share a first-class, experienced, capable and resourceful PA/Secretary? Box 4608.

CAMBRIDGE GRAD., 22, seeks job till Nov. Anything legal considered. Box 4655.

INTELLIGENT MALE, mid twenties, fine art graduate, plus considerable experience in art & design industry, wishes to work hard at interesting & responsible job. Box 4654.

Publications

NEW HUMANIST Current issue discusses Indian Emergency, occult revival, Loch Ness monster, non-expansionist economics, religious broadcasting and religious education, humanism and religion, abortion and the churches. 50p postfree from New Humanist, 88 Islington High Street, London N1.

WORLD HISTORY. Books bought & catalogues issued on most areas. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

BOOKS. Order by post and charge to your Barclaycard/Access account. Any book in print obtained U.K./U.S. State author, title, publisher (if known). The Lime Tree Bower Press, 46 Brookfield, Highgate West Hill, London N6 6AT.

ANTIQUARIAN and secondhand book catalogue: legal literature, travel, natural history, biography, history and large miscellaneous section (literature, music, gardening, art, etc.) available shortly. M. Solomons, 16 Waltham Avenue, Kingsbury, London, NW9 9SJ. 01-204 6094.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought by D. Levin. 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

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LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St. London SW13.01-876 7254.

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ENGLISH LAW & SOCIAL POLICY

A report of a symposium based on Sir Leslie Scarman's 1974 Hamlyn Lectures on 'English Law – the New Dimension.' Edited by Timothy Raison, M.P. The symposium was presided over by Lord Kilbrandon and Lord Justice Scarman was one of the principal contributors. Papers given covered The Social Challenge, The Challenge of the Environment and Who Should Decide – the Courts, Government, Tribunals, the Ombudsman? Topics discussed included the possibility of a Bill of Rights and a written constitution, administrative law, the problem of tribunals in the administration of the social services and the balance between individual and social justice in planning.

Paperback, price £2.50 + postage.

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Memorial Service

SOWETO MEMORIAL SERVICE. The International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa, in co-operation with the African National Congress of South Africa, and other liberation organisations in London, has arranged a Service of Commemoration and Intercession for those who were killed and injured in Soweto and other towns during the recent disturbances in South Africa. By the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter, the service will be held in the Crypt of St Paul's Cathedral, London EC4 on Thursday 15 July 1976 at 5.30 p.m. All those who wish to express their sympathy with those who have suffered will be welcome at the service.

Personal

JOURNALIST, retiring, would consider any interesting part-time work. London or near. Box 4573.

SOMEONE (perhaps two) sought to share (from mid-August) old house in beautiful country; low rent, spacious quarters; musical, cat-lover hoped for, child and/or animal welcome. Box 4625.

GERMAN STUD. f, 19, wishing to improve her English, offers help in family in return for board, 4/6 wks Aug./Sept. Box 4616.

ANY PERSON or persons interested in sharing driving & costs of Morris Traveller going Hamburg 27/28 July? Box 4584.

'BEYOND A BOUNDARY' by C. L. R. James. 1969 edition, £1.25 incl. p. + p. from Falling Wall Bookservice, 79 Richmond Road, Montpelier, Bristol, 6.

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS of elves & fairies, ballet & religious pictures. £3. Money returned if not satisfied. Mrs Hutchings, 11 Cotswold Road, Sutton, Surrey.

GLYNDEBOURNE OPERA. 2 tickets for 28 July. It would be nice to share Mozart & a summer evening with a really musical & mature man (48 +). Please write fully to Box 4598.

GOPSALL STREET POTTERY. Hand-made earthenware. Every Saturday is open day at our workshop. Watch us work. Seconds for sale. Lots of parking space. 26a Gopsall Street, London N1. Near New North Road. Tel. 739 9000.

WELSH ARTS COUNCIL
SHORT STORY COMPETITION
(Summer 1976)
PRIZES: £300, £200, £100
Conditions of entry and full details from:
The Literature Officer, Welsh Arts Council, 9 Museum Place, Cardiff, CF1 3NX.
Tel. 0222/394711

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ISRAEL KIBBUTZ schemes. For details send s.a.e. to Project 67 (NS), 21 Little Russell Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 3506.

WITCHCRAFT: Scientist interested in methods of bringing the mind in contact with Nature, wishes to correspond with someone with practical knowledge of Witchcraft. Box 4582.

PHILATELIC INVESTMENT SERVICES. Thomas Doty, 1402 Lombard, San Francisco, California, America 94123.

PSYHCOTHERAPY? Come to AGIP for individual or group sessions. Write to the Secretary, 29 St Mark's Crescent, NW1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, psychologist, formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

BODYMIND METHODS (Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support)) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3; 586 4109. 9-9.30, 18.30-19 hrs.

MONEY FANATICS SOLVE INFLATION problems, build up capital, saving 30p daily with tax relief. For financial advice ring 01-405 6394.

VISION CORRECTED. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates practitioner, Michael Ronan, 39 Smith Street, London SW3. 935 9847.

SLEEP – GLORIOUS SLEEP with Kifa Ear Plugs 75p pkt incl. p & p. Svedmed. 15 Church St. Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 8DE.

UPPSALA, SWEDEN. Single parent family, father 37, son 8, of Indo-Swedish origin, seek a female who is warm, interesting and of stimulating type yet looks attractive. We are both tall, slim, personable and of good appearance. We have stimulating work (scientist and school work) and wide interests. Will be on holiday in London & Scotland for 3 weeks beginning 18 July. Nationality and child no barrier. Box 4558.

DIVORCEE, middle 40s, with youthful outlook on life, seeks companionship of intelligent man with sense of humour, 45-55, fond of music, books, theatre, travel. Preferably North London. Box 4554.

BUSINESS WOMAN, 60, widow, young in heart and I hope young looking, seeks male companionship. N. London area. Box 4552.

ARE YOU NEITHER SQUARE, nor round, nor straight? female? attractive? warm? slim? tolerant? young 40-55? Interested in theatre, music, food, wine, living & loving? Yer actual male counterpart wants to share all this and more. Box 4665.

WHAT DOES A KIND, UNSTUFFY MAN under 50 look for in a woman? Write & tell me & I'll let you know if I've got it. For a start, I'm 36, single, generally cheerful, like kids but not cats. Box 5433.

NOT BEING VERY CLEVER, merely feminine, fashionable, fastidious and fortyeight, my search is for a tall, literate man whom I might fascinate into finding the Rainbow which is fun and happiness – to share all that life can offer. Box 4535.

RECENTLY RETURNED UK, lady with wide interests. Tall, attractive, mature, likes life, books, golf, fun, wishes meet partner for living. Box 4559.

LACKING good conversation, SW London male, fiftyish, leftish, seeks new contacts, (m. or f.). Box 4510.

PROF. MAN, 50s, separated, seeks warm-hearted, intell., attractive woman. Box 4648.

TO SHARE LIFE OF FULFILMENT, tall and attractive girl, divorced, graduate, 30s, varied interests, lived mostly abroad, would like to meet a man who is strong but gentle, tall, mature, unchauvinistic. Box 4647.

SINGLE MALE, 31, wishes to meet an attractive widow who must be a university graduate between 35-50. Interests art, classical music, politics. Anywhere in Britain. Box 4628.

LIVELY DIVORCEE, late 30s, mother of 14, 13, 8, seeks similar man with/without child, m/caravan holiday companion co-driver, August, France. Life, energy, humour essential. SW London. Box 4663.

SIMPLE MAN 25, seeks simple girl who has no racial prejudices. Box 4662.

SINGLE MAN, lecturer, needs quiet, affectionate, 30-49, lady friend. Surrey. Box 4661.

PROF. WOMAN, European, American citizen, not without charm, in London Aug, wishes correspond intell, cultured, 60-ish man. Box 4614.

NORTH WEST. Professional man (50s), widely interested, would like to meet lady of good background, say 40-55. An educated mum or other might like to have tea somewhere. Box 4640.

SINGLE MAN, 35, teacher, MA in History, interested in the arts, sport and education; presentable appearance and warm personality. Would like to meet attractive woman, 25-33, children welcome. Box 4518.

EXECUTIVE 39, divorced (no kids), water skier. Lives in a superb resort, with his maid. A young lady who can afford to travel to Istanbul, can be his happy guest. Letters: Pk. 3, B.Ada, Adalar, Istanbul, Turkey.

MAN, kind, good looking, tall, fit, gentle, paternal, companionable, well-educ. seeks successful career woman, over 30, with a view to marriage & the possibility of exchanging usual roles. Correspondence with either the first or another party welcome. Box 4575.

AFFECTIONATE nice-looking woman, good figure, 50, warm, intelligent and probably rather malleable, adaptable range of interests town/country, is available for friendship/marriage in accord with active good-humoured man of substance. Box 4291.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER, 37, pleasant personality, interested arts, politics, food, seeks attractive female 20s-30s with similar interests. Box 4583.

PROF. MAN, early 50s, widower, Jewish, NE England, gentle affectionate nature, seeks compatible, attractive female, 40s. Box 4529.

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Poem by Oliver Bernard

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Henry Moore's 'Sketch-book 1926' facsimile edition.

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1. Four Exhibitions: Samuel Colman, William Townsend, John Latham and Michael Moon. Until 25 July. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Admission free.

Entertainments

WORLD FAMOUS SITARIST Debu Chaudhuri will give a recital 10 July at 7.30 p.m. at Indian YCMA, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. Tickets £2, £1, at door, or phone 01-567 2517. All proceeds to charity.

SUMMER BAZAAR, Saturday 10 July. A unique selection of bargain-priced goods including foodstuffs, household articles and fancy goods, from The People's Republic of China, Chelsea Town Hall, King's Road, SW3, from 11.30 to 6 p.m. Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding, 152 Camden High St, NW1. 01-485 8236. Adm. 10p.

NICE BAROQUE SOUNDS for your parties, soirées, social functions, plus (Cabaret Time) readings from McGonagall. Ridiculously reasonable rates. Tay Bridge Ensemble. 01-261 5756 (days) 01-995 0590 (evenings).

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Theatres

CHICHESTER, 0243 86333. 8 July at 2.0 9, 10, 12, 15, 17 July at 7.0 'Noah'; 8, 13, 14, 16, 22 July at 7.0 'Twelfth Night'; From 19 July 'The Circle'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Evs at 8, Sats 5 & 8.30 p.m. 'Sparrowfall', by Alan Drury.

LYTTELTON (New National Theatre). 928 2252. Fri., Sat., Mon., Tues. 7.45. Opens Wed. at 7.0, Thurs. 2.30 & 7.45 'Weapons of Happiness' by Howard Brenton. Over 100 excellent £1 seats on sale day of perf.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Evs. 8.0. Sats 5 & 8.30. 'Small Change', written and directed by Peter Gill.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. 'Come Blow Your Horn', by Neil Simon.

VANBRUGH THEATRE CLUB. 15-18 July Noël Coward's 'This Happy Breed'. Details RADA, 62 Gower St, WC1. 636 7076.

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
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Meetings

FREEDOM FOR SOUTH AFRICA — WHERE DOES BRITAIN STAND ?

Anti-Apartheid Movement rally

Speakers include:

Bishop Trevor Huddleston
H. E. Leslie Harriman, Chairman, United Nations Committee Against Apartheid (Nigerian Ambassador to UN)
Duma Nokwe (ANC of South Africa)
Ken Gill (AUEW-TASS)
Charles Clarke (NUS)
Abdul S. Minty (AAM)

MONDAY 12 JULY 7.00 P.M.
CENTRAL HALL WESTMINSTER

Tickets 20p from AAM, 89 Charlotte St, London W1 (01-580 5311) or at the door.

AFRICA CENTRE. 'The Problems of Industriallisation in Africa'. A talk by Dr J. O. C. Onyemelukwe from Ibadan University. Tues. 13 July 6.30 p.m. Admission 40p, students 25p. 38 King St, WC2.

'THEY CAME BEFORE COLUMBUS': A talk by Ivan van Sertima, Professor in USA. Wed. 14 July 6.30 p.m. Adm. 40p, students 25p. 38 King St, WC2. Tel. 836 1973.

REMEMBER 1926: 'Memories of the General Strike', a lecture by Robin Page Arnot. Chairman: Ian Mikardo M.P., Tues. 13 July 6 p.m. Covent Garden Community Centre, 27 Shelton St, WC1. Adm. 10p.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Phil Wyatt of the Labour Party Research Department on 'Labour's New Programme for Britain', 7.30 p.m. 14 July, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welcome. Collection.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST MOVEMENT. Brian Cooper on 'Religion in Eastern Europe and East-West Relations'. In the Chair: Lord Soper. Tuesday 13 July 8 p.m., House of Commons Committee Room. All welcome.

SOCIETY OF IMMIGRANT TEACHERS meeting Sat. 17 July 3.30 p.m. University of London Union, Malet St, WC1.

THE COMING WORLD TEACHER – The Christ – and The Spiritual Hierarchy: from the esoteric teachings of Alice A. Bailey for The New Age. Talks by Benjamin Creme, Friend's House, Euston Rd., NW1. Thurs. 15 July, Tues. 20 and 27 July 7 p.m.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 10 July 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 13 July 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

CYPRUS SOLIDARITY WEEK 15-20 July. Details: Org. Sec. 29 Grosvenor Rd, W4. 01-994 0445.

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Continued from p.63

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